



# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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No. 7

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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,  
THE YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT  
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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## The Holy Christian's Task.

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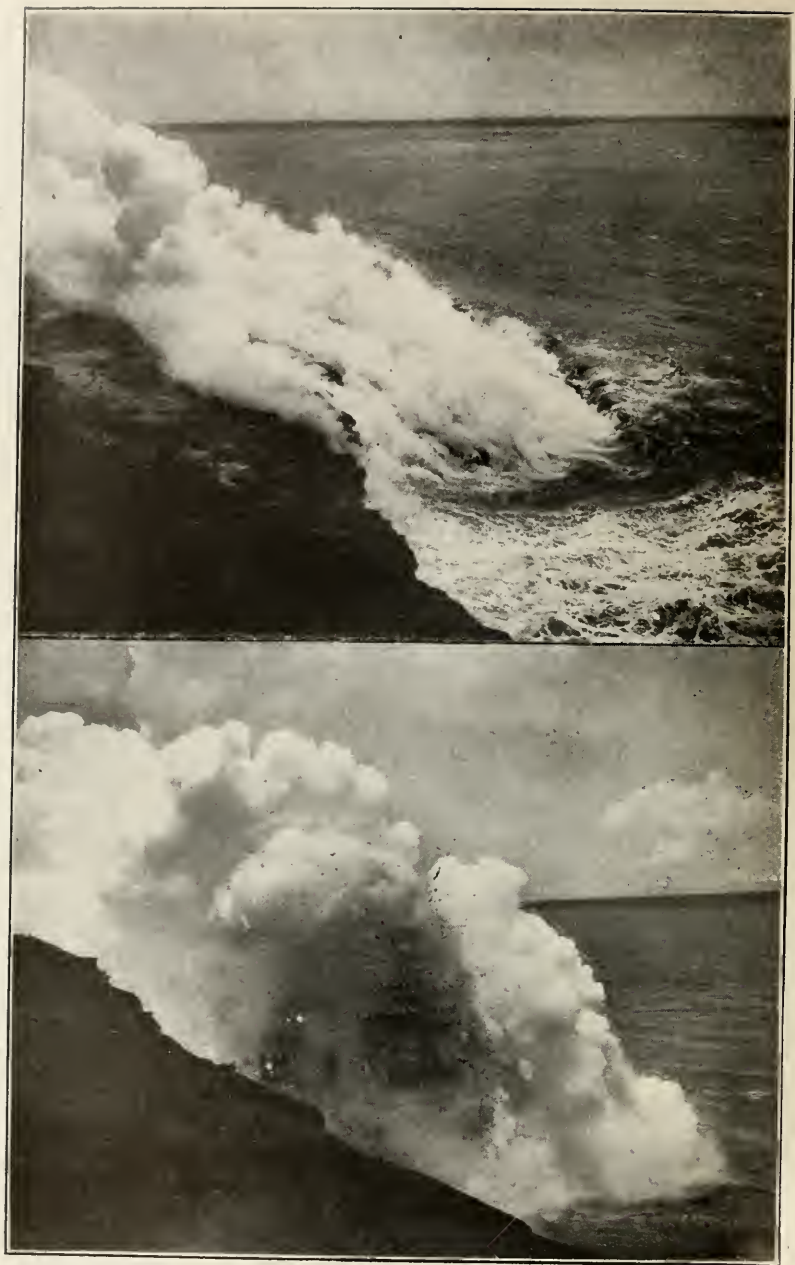
*At early morn I wake and say,  
What have I to do today?*

My faithful conscience makes me this reply—  
Christian! thou hast a God to glorify!  
To imitate a Savior's perfect way;  
And, in the narrow path he trod, to stay!  
Thou hast a soul to save, which cannot die;  
And thou a body hast—to mortify:  
Graces—from pitying heaven to implore;  
And sins—a countless number, to weep o'er:  
Thou hast a heaven to gain—a hell to shun—  
Eternity to meditate upon!  
Time to redeem, alas, how vainly past,  
When every moment might have been thy last!  
Thy neighbor, by examples to improve;  
The world to fear, lest thou its vices love:  
A heart to keep with diligence and care,  
Lest any thought of evil harbor there:  
Devils to wrestle with—most powerful, too;  
And many warring passions to subdue:  
And oh, perhaps, ere night shall veil the earth  
Thine eyes may close in the long sleep of death!  
Thy disembodied soul; in bliss or woe  
For this day's work may judgment undergo!  
All this have I to do; I trembling ask,  
Lord: Grant thy Spirit to perform the task!  
Unless thy gracious aid assist the plan  
I cannot act nor think—so weak is man!  
Thy Blessed Holy Spirit's influence send,  
Shed o'er my heart, and through the fight defend!  
So shall I keep the faith, the prize obtain.  
And not perform my daily task in vain.

ANN ROBINSON (Age 74).

Bradford, Leeds Conference, England.





TOP: OUTLET OF SUBTERRANEAN LAVA-FLOW, AT THE COAST  
BOTTOM: COLUMN OF STEAM CAUSED BY CONTACT OF MOLTEN LAVA  
WITH THE SEA. BLACK SPOTS ARE EXPLODED LAVA.  
(See article, page 600.)

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## The Man in Scarlet

BY WILLIAM A. HYDE, PRESIDENT OF THE POCATELLO STAKE OF ZION

All truth is precious, if not all divine,  
And what dilates the powers, must needs refine.—*Cowper*.

Flattery's the turnpike road to Fortune's door—  
Truth is a narrow lane all full of quags  
Leading to broken heads, abuse and rags,  
And workhouses—sad refuge for the poor!—  
Flattery's a mountebank so spruce—gets riches;  
Truth a plain Simon Pure, a Quaker Preacher,  
A Moral Mender, a disgusting Teacher,  
That never got a sixpence by her speeches.—*Peter Pindar*.

I held it ever,  
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a God.—*Shakespeare*.

In considering a delicate subject about which entirely too little has been said in public, I shall make no apologies to the thin-skinned and prudish,—they are warned in the beginning of my intention to deal honestly with a great question; I promise the other class of readers that they may follow me without fear.

A careful authority estimates that there are 1,200,000 female and 6,000,000 male prostitutes in the United States, and it has

been said on the authority of the highest class of physicians in the land that 75% of the male population of large cities who have come to maturity are sexually impure, and that a great proportion of that number are the victims of disease!

A million hearts beating despairingly for freedom within bared cribs!

A million wanton women running riot in an excess of unbridled passion that is at the same time their life and their death!

A million forms racked in the torments of a disease that eats out the very heart and marrow,—stricken, burning, dying,—without pitying word of friend or supplicating prayer of minister or priest, and after five years of a life of shame, hurled into the mystery of the future!

These are the women in scarlet of today!

A woman student of this question, recently said in an address:

"I stand here in the presence of God to say that of the erring girls in this land, three-fourths of them have been snared, and trapped, and bought and sold."

Mr. Stead, in his book, *If Christ Came to Chicago*, gives the testimony of a woman who knows these women, as follows:

"Prostitution is an effect and not a careless, voluntary choice on the part of the fallen. Girls do not elect to cast themselves away. They are driven to the haunts of vice. The more distinctively womanly a girl is—and I mean by that, the more she has beauty, delicacy, love of dress and adornment, feminine weaknesses,—the easier a mark she is for the designing. And the designers are not wanting. Girls, and I say this emphatically, are not seducers. They have innate delicacy and refinement. I say honestly, that I do not believe that one woman in ten thousand would cast herself at the feet of lust, except under duress or under the force of circumstances."

With the average life of a prostitute but five years in her sins, what a traffic in human flesh there must be to keep the ranks supplied!

*Who are the women in scarlet of the future, O mothers of this nation?*

A million girl babies, pressing their sugary lips to yours!

A million toddlers, crooning their mother-song to waxen dolls!

A million romping damsels with tossing curls, in whose eyes is the flashing glint of the sky, and whose laugh is the sound of mountain brooks!

O motherhood of the Nation, with sackcloth, with ashes on your heads, you may pray Death that he shall cut these down, ere they don the scarlet robe, but your prayers will be unavailing, for Death is not so kind, and the heartless world will continue to take its unsparing toll!

*Who are the men in scarlet?*

Six million boys crazing the immature brain with the deadly glass of liquor!

Six million youths, tasting with laughing lips the bitter-sweets of sin!

Six million men, rioting in the prostitution of noble powers to the intoxicating music of the siren!

Six million men, waxed and perfumed—without, paragons of virtue; within—moral lepers, and, God pity the world, no warning voice to cry, “*unclean!*”

Six million men, trafficking in human life as one might deal in swine’s flesh! Putting a price on virtue! Selling souls in the market to the highest bidder!

Six million men, with the horrid grip of Death clutching at their vitals, blighting innocence with their touch, poisoning the kiss of love,—breeding their leprous spawn,—blinded, crooked-limbed, degenerate, into an unoffending world! Contaminating the very air of heaven with their breath; from whose rotting bodies, the blaspheming spirit at last in horror flies, preferring to such punishment the judgments of the damned!

*These are the men in scarlet of today!*

Who shall make up the vast army of the future, who, like their predecessors, shall go down into the dark valley of death?

Is it *your* boy, good father or mother, say?

With this stream of corruption flowing into the life channels of the nation, how long until Virtue shall flee from our shores, and in her place shall sit the ancient goddess of Lust, who shall rule until, ripened past the iniquity of Babylon, we shall become even as the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah!

Of the many causes that lead to this condition in our national life, can man with sure instinct, point to the principal ones?

The leading cause finds its root in the greatest lie of all history—that “*prostitution is a necessary evil!*” If all the devils of hell, ripened in shrewdness and grizzled with age from the time of Adam, had sat in fiendish conclave to invent the falsehood that would strike most deeply into the purposes of God for the happiness of his children, this would be the sum and essence of all their cunning!

No believer in God's revelation accepts the conclusion *that it is necessary to do any wrong whatever. That God has denounced adultery, is proof sufficient that a virtuous life is possible for all men!*

This diabolical lie is the expression of a moral cowardice that, in the face of a deeply imbedded sentiment, dare not oppose evil! It is the spirit of compromise that says “for fear of a greater harm, we will suffer a lesser one.” It is the expression of an error that presumes a physical condition in man that must be met, no matter at what cost to society! Has it turned out, then, to be true that “our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues,” for this theory says that if you stop licensed prostitution, you turn a thousand libertines into the sanctuaries of society there to defile, and does not count on sufficient manhood in the earth to defend the rights of the home!

It is to the shame of Christian nations, that they have to turn to the heathen for a repudiation of this master lie. Count Okuma of Japan has said, with reference to the abolition of the social evil:

The Northern States of America, when declaring the liberation of the negroes, were not unmindful of the ruinous effects which the emancipation of slaves would bring upon the cotton plantations of the South; yet they showed no hesitation in carrying out their humanitarian declaration even at the point of the bayonet. They knew that all considerations of economical interests must be ignored until the abolition of slavery became an acknowledged fact. The question of licensed vice, like that of slavery, *is a question of humanity*, [Italics mine] and should be dealt with as such, regardless of the effects its abolition may entail upon public sanitation or the moral condition of society. It has been argued that the abolition of licensed quarters will result in the spreading of abominable diseases, and will in no way elevate the moral tone of the masses as long as human nature



does not change. We are not unaware of such possible effects, but these are questions we must strive to solve only after the emancipation of unfortunate women is carried out.

There is in the wisdom of this statesman the golden grain of thought, corresponding to the word of revelation, "For I the Lord cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance." This man would emancipate the white slaves as Lincoln did the black ones, by striking without hesitation at the chains that bind them, and then he would turn to the other questions as they came, *and solve them* as our country has solved the questions that grew out of the war of the Rebellion.

In my opinion, the second great cause of prostitution is the false standard that has prevailed in the world, coming down from the time that woman was a chattel, that puts the brand of disgrace upon her weakness, and absolves her male companion in his sin!

O that medieval knighthood might be found in the breasts of men of today, when men kissing their sword blades,

"Would covenantt to fear, revere and serve God religiously; \* \* \* to maintain the just cause of the weak, such as widows, orphans and maidens, in good quarrel; to expose themselves for them according as necessity required; \* \* \* that avarice, gain or profit should never oblige them to do any action, but only glory and virtue; and that they would hold themselves bound to conduct a lady or maiden; that they would serve her, protect her, and save her from all danger and all insult, or die in the attempt; that they would never do violence to ladies or maidens although they had gained them by arms."

Instead of such chivalry we have the despicable poltroonery of a society that permits a man to rob, despoil and corrupt the virtue that he once swore to cherish; his sword, once honorably stained with blood in the defense of innocence, is now rusted in its scabbard, and, judged by those old standards, as fit only to be the lowest menial among the slaves, he today lifts his head shameless and unafraid among men!

Weigh the virtue of your boy and your girl in the balance, and say which is the more valuable? Compare them now—this shy, shrinking being—innocent, believing, loving, whose life is centered in her purity, and who losing that, loses all self-respect—"whose fair flower, being once displayed doth fall that very hour;" who

gives herself as the bird its song or the rose its perfume. Her virtue cannot be valued, for "it is far above rubies!" This sturdy masterful male, has no virtue save in his strength of will. Shall you pit this incarnation of aggressive passion against this creature whose only defense is her innocence, and when she falls, *absolve him as working out the laws of nature? Shall we have two standards?* Shall she lie in the gutter, while he, perfecting himself in the arts of seduction, goes on to other conquests?

If man's condemnation for sin comes in the ratio of his light, so shall his infamy, in comparison with the weaker vessel, be in his strength, and *the man should have the scarlet letter burned in his breast*, the man should wear the scarlet robe, while gentle, pitying hands should raise the woman back to self-respect, and the life *and virtue*, bathed and renewed in tears of repentance! Until the unholy standard now prevailing in the world is reversed or equalized, and the burden of odium placed on strength and not on weakness, we are *inviting* boys and men to enter the scarlet army.

As to those women who by the error of confiding love become illegitimate mothers, who nurse their babes with tender maternal light in the eye, it has been said by a sympathetic observer, "that they are by no means the worst in their station. Many of them are of the very best—refined, intelligent, truthful and affectionate." The greatest writers of the world have testified to this; and that such as these, whose sin was based in love and in the maternal instinct, and who bravely bear in their arms the evidence of their shame, are barred from the full fruits of repentance, is one of the gravest crimes of humanity! That marriage to her companion in guilt in a measure absolves her, and permits the veil of forgetfulness to shield her, is an admission of her merits in the case, and places the responsibility of the act upon the man.

What part a lax society, of which woman herself forms a potent part, has in this moral condition we cannot fully judge, but in this day of fear for the race would one think that arguments for the purity of man would fall on the doubtful, unwilling ears of any woman? And yet there are women who look upon this class of immorality as unavoidable and necessary, and who would pass their daughters over to the hands of men on a doctor's certificate! O perverse womanhood that holds itself so cheap! Know you not that you are educating men to the scarlet when you permit

the idea to go unrebuked *that men can do these things and still be decent!*

Where does the young woman stand on this proposition of the "man in scarlet?" Is it sufficient for you, young woman, that your fiancée, the morning before marriage, shall take you aside, and in a *spirit of high honor*, tell you that he is unvirtuous? Clearly better that he should tell you then than not at all, but is that sufficient, when, crushed and bleeding at heart, you have to choose between a humiliating scandal and this shell of a man who now stands brazenly in your presence? Should you not, if you had the choosing, prefer a primitive man, with a stone ax, and be housed in a cave with virtue for your companion? What right has this man to ask or require virtue of you when he has nothing to give in exchange for it? Should this fraud have entered the lists, competing with honorable men for a priceless gift? There is an excess of modesty on the part of some young women, and the sooner they come to look marriage, with all its possibilities, squarely in the face, not blinding their eyes with prudery, the better it will be for them and the race!

When woman politically was at the complete mercy of man, there was greater scope for the exercise of our pity, but now, where in a rapidly increasing proportion of our country she is granted political power—pity must in a measure give way to a demand from the better element of the men that woman shall always stand for the amelioration of her sex, by her voice and vote. There is nothing so discouraging to those who attempt the role of reformers as to find that woman, who is the most vitally concerned in the great questions of the betterment of the race, is frequently misled and deceived by the sophistries of men whose lives are a standing lie to their professions.

It is inconceivable to think of a wrong in which money does not in some way have a part. "The love of money is *a root, not the root* of all evil," and in the study of this question, we come without fail to the omnipresent dollar, and learn that in one city of our country \$20,000,000 is made annually by prostitution, a large proportion of it going into the hands of promoters. We learn that women are sold on the market at \$50 to \$75 per head as cattle are bought. We learn that girls are systematically seduced, and farmed out by promoters who get wealthy from the degradation

of their victims. We learn that the trade is international—honeycombing all civilization. At these revelations we would stand amazed, but for the sign of a rift in the cloud of moral blackness, shown in the progress of the last two years. We are assured that the “white slave traffic whereby girls are trapped and sold into vice, is being so thoroughly investigated and vigorously prosecuted, both in Europe and America, that the trade will soon be overcome.” This is gratifying as to the cure of the violent symptom of the purchase and sale of human flesh—but still the money power has another and perhaps more dangerous hold on the promotion of vice to which the world is not so thoroughly awake. Can any one doubt that the secret of the vitality of this evil *lies in venal officers purchased by corrupt capital?* There is scarcely a city of five thousand inhabitants or upwards, where there are not restraining or prohibitive laws against prostitution, and similar enactments against other lewd association of the sexes, and yet in how many of these towns do we see the sphinx-like faces of the guardians of the law in the performance of their role, *which is rather to studiously avoid too full a knowledge of violations of the moral code.*

Governor Folk stated a patent truth when he said that “wherever there are violators of the law who remain unpunished, you may be sure there is graft;” and while governments are paying men today to do their duty, vice is paying them another salary to keep their hands off lawbreakers, and the omnipotent dollar is thus one of the most powerful factors in this great social problem. It is usually quite easy to trace the source of this corruption, though not always so easy to prove it; but for the reason that the responsibility in our governmental system is centralized, we may with moral certainty place our hands upon the offenders, be they either active or passive, and *that these are men in scarlet, who sit in high places, who will deny?*

“Truth, why shall every wretch of letters  
Dare to speak truth against his betters!  
Let ragged Virtue stand aloof  
Nor utter accents of reproof;  
Let ragged wit a mute become,  
When wealth and power would have her dumb.”

It is difficult of belief that Christian communities can be



apathetic with such conditions existing. Laws are for the protection of society, and we spend large sums in the election and support of legislatures only to find carefully prepared laws inoperative. An influence as effective and far-reaching as it is quiet and cunning, lays its hands upon an officer and he becomes mute. A few men usually say which law shall and which shall not be enforced, and, wrapped up in the mysticism of that stoic who dangles his "billy" on the street corner with the seriousness of a philosopher, largely lies the fate of the youth of our country! O what secrets these figureheads could divulge, "had the cat not stolen their tongues!" "O that mine *officer* might write a book "telling of the surreptitious nightly visit to some lordly dame—the stealthy as-signation that only the moon and the policeman saw—the "rolling home in the morning" of the youthful pride of some old mother—the nightly matinees of crime for inquisitive juveniles—and all the damnable things that make the modern nights in our cities more appalling than any that Babylon in her palmiest days of vice ever saw! And yet the good people accept the result with an indifference that would better become a cannibal than freemen of the grandest nation under heaven! Here if ever is the time for a mob,—not the mob of passion, but of intelligence and determination, to publicly burn in effigy, however rich and powerful, these protectors of vice, and drag *their names* at least, through the mud of the gutter! And yet there may be a more peacable and more undemonstrative way, by which the people can, if they will, cure this public outrage.

In connection with the love of money being one of the direct and indirect causes of prostitution, the saloon plays a very important part. The saloon is the vestibule to the house of ill-fame, and the house of ill-fame is the back entrance to the saloon. Never were two master evils more agreeable and congenial companions. They are almost conjugal in their relationship, and it is incomprehensible that theorists will haggle over prohibition, when very many of the boys who lose their virtue, do so with liquor-befuddled brains, and many of our girls have gone down to ruin through a glass in a wine room! When, in our cities, an evening of revelry in a saloon is followed by a night of debauchery, and the boy, innocent before but for his drinking, emerges from this pit of shame as red as its inmates!

That one of these evils is a benefit to, and promoter of the other, cannot be denied, for you will find few saloon men who look with disfavor upon the prostitute, male or female, and few men in scarlet who do not frequent the saloons. In a recent reform campaign, the fact became known that rival liquor dealers had manipulated the city administration for the purpose of obtaining a saloon license near the red-light district,—had driven the inmates from their pens like sheep, to return them later when the fight was won. Hell has no two agents more powerful than the saloon man and the prostitute. As Christian people we profess the virtues of religion, and talk of ideals; as Americans, we boast of an almost perfect government, and conscious of these spiritual and political advantages we supinely view our race rushing down the turbid river of sin to its death, and raise no hand! We must stop and split hairs over personal liberty, or the *rights of men* engaged in crime, or worse, we weigh against the invaluable gems of purity the *price of a dollar's taxes!*

Self preservation is the first law of individuals, communities and nations:

“Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,  
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground,”

and in heaven's name is it not time for American citizenship to cease “pretending to virtues that it does not possess,” and if necessary, trample upon a thousand objections and technicalities that breed in the way, and strike at the giant evils that are eating at the heart of humanity!

Now that I have gone thus far, let some one with more hardihood than I connect this conclusion with our political system. I fear to follow it, for presently I shall show the “rag, tag, and bob-tail” of the saloon and tenderloin elements of our citizenship, serving as retainers to men whom our patriotism has taught us to respect, and who would blush, and in an excess of emotion might even become indignant, at any attempt to establish any relationship with these, and some of them, while not *flagrante delicto* criminals, may by association, implication and personal interest be found to be wearing the scarlet, and heaven forfend!

This question lies very deep, and ultimately it must come home

to the heart of every one of us, perhaps, in one way or another, for in sorrow we have to confess that the home must bear its share of the blame.

Out of nearly four thousand prostitutes it was found that more than eleven hundred, or nearly 40 per cent, came from the home. This, again, from Mr. Steads' book:

The recruiting grounds of the bagnios are the stores, where girls work long hours for small pay, the homes that have few comforts, and practically no pleasure; the streets, where girls are often cast, still unknown to sin, but in want and without shelter; in a word, places outside the levee where distress and temptation stand ever present as a menace to purity and rectitude; behind every effect there is a cause. In the case of prostitution the real cause lies not in the girls who fall, but in the social conditions that make the fall easy, and the men who tempt to the step, and furnish the money to support degradation, after the step has been taken. Before reform in the levee is possible, there must be reform in the home, on the mart.

One of the greatest enemies of virtue is the false modesty and prudery that characterize the home and society of today. It is rooted in an ignorance that is inexcusable. It would seem to be a necessary element in the preservation of the race, that each succeeding generation should profit by the learning of the past. Traveling over the mountains, we find poles in the snow drifts, pointing the way to safety; the mariner refers to the chart to locate the sunken reef ahead; the education in government, art and science of today is built upon the foundation laid at creation,—and yet we have fathers and mothers, who have been enlightened in their contact with life, who lock their lips to their children with never a warning word; and educators, with a knowledge of the deep things, looking pityingly but silently upon the maiden flitting like a moth before the flame. What a lamentable thing it is that there are men whose business it is to lay traps for girls, and so few to raise the warning voice, or if they speak, do so in an incomprehensible way. Is this couplet, to our shame, indeed correct?

“The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,  
Strange mansion, in the bottom of a well!”

If so, we may bury our morality there also, in the due progress of time!

A plain, matter-of-fact, refined way of teaching children, beginning at a time so early that the instruction will not be colored by their consciousness, the nature, use, and sacredness of the various organs of their bodies, would at least prepare them for the revelations of life, that they might have the defense of the intellect and not go blindly into sin. Let the first information that the child receives on this subject be pure, and prompted by love, and not impure and vile and prompted by the evil one. Don't let Satan precede you to the inner consciousness and heart of the child, for if you do he will lay his color scheme there and influence all that you may thereafter attempt to supply. Are parents too ignorant to know how to do this intelligibly? Then can the state have any higher or more patriotic aim than to provide teachers that shall be capable? However, I think this to be true, that any parent, who seriously senses the need of it, will find a way to communicate the truth. There are higher duties than the study of music, or money, or fashions.

Father and Mother, do not wait until your boy has become a man,—grown there, not as cattle come to maturity—for the very beats live the law of life—but wading to that station through the vast stream of filth that flows from the sewers of our civilization, but call him to you now—take him by the hand and point him to the light. Are *your* hearts right? Then build him an altar in his boyhood's paradise where he may worship. Enshrine the mother there, and next to God, let him worship her. Let him breathe her sweet sanctity day by day, and as his vision broadens, let her typify the sex. If he have sisters, let them be so gracious in his sight that he will be their knight in armor. Exalt virtue until it shall become a family deity. Usher him into his powers knowing that there are things beneath the sky that are sacred. When he can understand by the throbbing of his own nature,—tell him that if he lay unhallowed touch on womanhood, that you will weep for his sin, but will not stand in the way of his punishment; and tell him that God hates the fornicator and adulterer worse than all lawbreakers save the murderer! If, after that, he dons the scarlet, you may face the future bravely as to your own responsibility, for God is just!

A dangerous custom is the unrestrained and promiscuous mingling of the sexes. As a companion to the mistake that chil-



dren should go to their maturity in mind before they are taught religion, is the error that boys and girls should freely mingle together unprotected. The tendency of greater civilization is greater liberty, and it would appear that our institutions are in advance of the improvement in our natures. Is it a necessary consequence that enlightenment means moral decay? Must nations blossom beautifully and bear rich fruit of civic strength, inevitably to fall at last with the worm at the core? When man came from his primal condition up to a fuller knowledge of himself, he laid aside the high instinct or inspiration that animals are born with, that sexual power is for procreation only, and that normal passions are the gift of God, as any other attribute, and added lust to the language, and license to his liberty; appropriated his bodily powers for base uses, and laid the foundation, not only of physical, but of spiritual decay. So it is that our children are born into the world inheriting evil tendencies and weaknesses, and our lax society rules permit them to roam the streets and fields together like the wiser and more sensible animals.

We find as a result in many instances, not the instinct for mating, a commendable and God-given one that came to Paul and Virginia in due and proper time in their island home, who before had roamed the forests, scantily clad and hand in hand, unguarded and yet innocent because they were primal children—but a prudish and dangerous knowledge that has informed the mind as to the possibilities of passion, but stays the tongue from frankness and candor, and makes of human animals, of all God's creatures, the only sexual perverts. On the way back to the beginning what should be our course? The restraints of family authority that shall solicitously house the children at proper hours at night, and shall preside gently, lovingly, and sympathetically in their groups for their amusement; and to assist, there should be at hand the kindly influence of the law. It will take some time to undo the wrong accomplished by six thousand years, but however great the task, it is our duty to begin it.

Corresponding to the debased ideas surrounding sex, is the thought that marriage is a privilege rather than a duty; that comfort and gratification are the main reasons for its existence; and some men with claims to unselfishness, on general principles, have no higher ideals. It is a short cut from that idea to the one that

gratification may come without the expense of marriage, and the consequent condition of the world where celibacy is at a premium, and to the point where marriage vows are lightly held. The command "to multiply and replenish the earth" is obscured by the indolent sensual customs of the day; and the result is the turning aside of women from the channels of production to the high road of vice, associated with her male companion in scarlet who is the prime cause of it all, for there are few normal women who would not marry and be virtuous wives and mothers with the right opportunity.

The sentiment, broadly diffused in the minds of men, that marriage is a duty would do much toward solving the social evil, for women are essentially home lovers and home makers. Judged by the canons of religion, marriage is a duty, sanctified into a sacrament; and by the canons of government it is a duty emphasized into a vital need, and it should be the highest aim of our institutions to encourage, promote and protect the relation. It is a significant fact that in history the downfall of a nation follows closely on the heels of its moral decay, and that nations in their prime are the most virtuous. It is also true that with marriage general and well regulated is to be found the highest type of humanity.

Some may think that these fundamental instincts of man are not to be regulated or directed by artificial means, but in the inculcation of our civic virtues, would it be impossible, by the use of illustrated biographies to hold before children the most ideal forms of domestic life, that they may learn that there is no higher manifestation of patriotism, than to marry for the good of self, the family, and the state?

The objection that the high cost of living is a deterrent of marriage, is only partially justified; but that it is a fact that in the less complex form of society, in the rural districts, for instance, a greater per cent of the people marry happily, is proof sufficient that a return to the simpler life would, whether on account of cost or for other reasons, render marriage more popular and social sins less frequent; and here may be the place to say that the efforts of reformers may well be directed in an attempt to direct the stream of humanity from the cities back to the rural districts. "Back to the farm," a slogan now repeated feebly, should be taken up with enthusiasm, and the beauties of country

life, with the chances of success in agricultural pursuits, should be so advertised as to take from the perils of the city the glamour and attraction that yearly are drawing into the vortex of death, thousands of the best and strongest of our race. That cities are the strongholds of vices against which reformers are leading their forces, is proof enough of the undesirability of the cities as the nurseries of our citizenship. In the tenderloin districts of the City of New York is frequently decided the policy of the United States government, and just so soon as the rural population shall outnumber that of the city, we may look for an upward tendency of morals and of the spiritual life that follows.

That the girl who gravitates from the home or shop to the street displays her first sign in a magnificent willow plume, is enough evidence that vanity plays a great part in this modern tragedy of life, and side by side with that weakness, run poverty and the grinding of the faces of the poor. Between the confessed prostitute and the virtuous girl among the poor, are all the grades, from the sorely tempted, suffering privation and want, to the victim, fallen but still concealing her shame, herself the tool of unprincipled men. When the final judgment is declared, the men in scarlet, who sit in the places of wealth and power, will have much to answer for!

That governments, professing to be founded on a desire for the protection of society, can in any way lend themselves to vice, is an almost unbelievable thing, and yet, governments, state and municipal, have been silent partners with whoredom and with other forms of intemperance. To give a license to a bawdy house is to sell to certain ones the privilege to do what without the license would be a legal crime. Its effect is to lend a degree of respectability to vice, for if women in a restricted district are immune from prosecution for a consideration, and those on the street are liable, the state protects the sinner. Society is in some respects its own greatest enemy. To tolerate vice under conditions, is to say as plainly as words can express it, that any boy, observing those conditions, has the consent of the state to commit an inherent wrong. The state, by this act, sets itself up against the precepts and rules of the church, and the warning dictates of history,—but yet we see this done, until in some towns men visit such places in the light of day without the blush of shame; for, becoming

"familiar" with vice, they come at last to "embrace" it publicly. If statesmen cannot come to the point, where in their judgment they can co-operate with moralists to brand the social evil as hateful and repugnant to every interest of preservation, religious and national, at least they should see that it is so banished *that only to the vile should it be known*, so that the publicity and advertising now accorded it, might be withdrawn from it. With shame, we turn again to the heathen to learn wisdom:

Count Okuma further declares that the maintenance of licensed quarters is an affront to the imperial edict of 1905, urging the educational authorities to lay great emphasis upon the ethical training of the rising generation. The Japanese boys and girls are taught in public schools to cultivate all virtues, and qualities necessary to make them morally strong, but "how can we," asks the count, "expect them to grow moral and noble when we set before them an example of shameful immorality by maintaining an ignoble institution?"

The *Philanthropist*, in summing up the evils of a license system, among other charges, says:

It confers the sanction of law upon the barbarous trade in women.

It fosters vice instead of preventing it, in that it contemplates opportunity, facilities and "safety" for the "guests" who are more than equal participants. It makes a permitted trade of the cruel and dastardly occupation of the procurer and procuress. It grants permits at a price that will not prohibit the dreadful trade, but invites it.

If these statements be true, we may with certainty place the responsibility for much of the present evil upon the very men charged with the making of the laws, and these, though some of them perhaps innocently—must carry much of the blame until there is a severance of co-partnership between governments and crime.

Ethical solutions of this evil, have all the range in plan, from personal and religious work directed to the raising of the individual, to the advocacy of free love as recognizing the fullest liberty of men and women; from police control and regulation under the supervision of physicians, to insistence upon the single standard in the sexes, and the prompt arrest and punishment of all male violators of the law; from the advocacy of a still more liberal divorce system, to the overturning of economic conditions



to make the lot of women more tolerable. These ideas have their various advocates, and some of the arguments are worthy of consideration, but in discussing this subject through the organ of the Young Men and the Priesthood of the church, we are brought, with the certainty of the "needle to the pole," to the only ground that the Latter-day Saint can consistently occupy, which position embraces the best wisdom of man, fortified in addition by the word of God.

Ultimately, after all is said that can be from the standpoint of the statesman, as to the underlying causes of the social evil, we must come to the root of the matter by admitting that a disregard of the word of God and of religious ideals is primarily responsible for the serious condition of the world in this respect. This sin is strongly antagonistic of righteousness, for of all the sins except murder, it is essentially the most direct enemy of spirituality. A man may lie or steal, or bear false witness, or covet, or break the Sabbath, and thereafter come quickly to repentance and spiritual regeneration; but men who commit the sin of adultery, put the seal of condemnation upon their spiritual part, as though by this act they had locked their senses from the light. That "an adulterous generation seeks for a sign," is but the result of the fiat that Faith cannot be the handmaiden of such. "That he who looketh upon a woman to lust after her, shall deny the faith and shall fear," is the logical statement that his light shall go out in darkness. "Whosoever shall defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy," can find no surer fulfilment than in the fact that such are denied the guiding hand of faith to lead them to salvation. The lack of faith in God in the world, is the most serious disease of today, and immorality is at the same time one of its causes, and its effect. With virtue comes spirituality, and with that, comes all the graces of Christianity. The social evil is but a symptom. The world is forgetting God, as it forgot Him in the days of Sodom and Pompeii.

That men will study with all the ingenuity of science how to evade the poison of physical disease, and utterly disregard the poisoning of their souls, is sufficient evidence of the havoc that this sin plays with the better part of man. As a physician of these moral wrongs, I think less of these *physical* penalties, and while, as warning, I would show them up in their enormity, the only hope

that I would offer in mitigation would be the suggestion that perhaps the more that the victims burned here, the less they would burn hereafter!

Back of this evil stands hell with its cohorts, and opposed to it, on earth's battlefield are God and His forces; there can be no compromise, it will be a struggle without quarter. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," written on Sinai, is the statement of an uncompromising attitude toward this wrong; it has never been revoked, and this war will end in the triumph of virtue, or it will end in fire and molten lava.

A careful writer upon these subjects has lately said that "before the Gentile invasion of Utah, an illegitimate birth is said to have almost been unknown," and this is an index of the morals of the "Mormon" youth at that day. Our memories go back to the time when, as boys, we listened to stirring denunciations of sexual vice, and lived in an atmosphere charged with high ideals of purity. Boys and girls lived in virtue, mated happily, and in a high order of conjugal love fulfilled the first law of God. The occasional infraction of the law by the young was followed by a public confession and the forgiveness of the offender. The violation of sacred marital vows was marked by the severest penalties that the Church could inflict, excommunication; and in customs that would seem Puritanical to the world today, the Latter-day Saints hewed to the line of personal purity as closely as human nature would allow.

That their treatment of the sin of adultery was and is based upon a sane, consistent, estimate of human nature, and rests upon a basis of charity so broad as to be sublime, are proven by these words of their law. Referring to the adulterer, and to impress upon believers the enormity of the sin, the Doctrine and Covenants, 63: 15-18, says:

Let such beware and repent speedily, lest judgment shall come upon them as a snare, and their folly shall be made manifest, and their works shall follow them in the eyes of the people.

And verily I say unto you as I have said before, he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, or if any shall commit adultery in their hearts, they shall not have the Spirit but shall deny the faith and shall fear:

Wherefore I the Lord have said that the fearful, and the unbelieving and all liars, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie, and the

whoremonger and the sorcerer, shall have their part in that lake which burneth with fire and brimstone which is the second death.

Verily I say, they shall not have part in the first resurrection.

Then, with this picture of the penalties to the breaker of the moral law, we turn to these words of encouragement and helpfulness to the erring:

Thou shalt not commit adultery; and he that committeth adultery, and repenteth not shall be cast out; but he that committeth adultery and repents with all his heart, and forsaketh it, and doeth it no more, thou shalt forgive; but if he do it again he shall not be forgiven, but shall be cast out.—Doc. & Cov. 42:24-5.

And again, Doctrine and Covenants, 49:92, speaking in general terms of all classes of offenders, and specifically including adultery:

"If any shall offend in secret, he or she shall be rebuked in secret that he or she shall have opportunity to confess in secret to him or her whom he or she has offended, and to God, that the Church may not speak reproachfully of him or her.

There is everywhere in the teachings relating to this subject, a strong distinction between the simply erring, and the one whose heart is lustful, and "go thy way and sin no more" has raised the truly repentant to their feet, and placed them in the path of virtue, where their offenses have been forgotten.

That the world brought other conditions into the communities of the Saints, is a damaging confession for their supposed moral and social superiority. Now, in the great flood of humanity that is making up the new West, we are so mixed as to be losing our identity. What can we say of the "Mormon" boy of today? It is more difficult to estimate his merits, but there is no place where we may definitely segregate him from his surroundings, and place a value upon his inherent qualities. One thousand young men, married and unmarried, are going each year into the world as ambassadors of the truth. With very few exceptions they return—after two years of mingling with the world, having been subjected to its many forms of temptation,—bearing the testimony of their purity shining in their eyes, and vibrating in their voices. These are in a measure select men of the Church, but there are

many, many such who bear aloft the standard of virtue that their fathers bore. These truths give the lie to the charge made by uninformed persons, that a system of marriage, repugnant to the accepted notions of society and therefore renounced by the "Mormon" people, could in any way the least remote, have been associated with the thought of social impurity. The lives of the Latter-day Saints were and are a standing rebuke of this assumption; and that cloud that has hung over them in the minds of many honest people should once and for all time be dispelled.

Would it not be a contradiction of all past history to find a people, mixed as flour in a sieve with the world, preserving inviolate their primitive history and conditions? The fusing of nations as of minerals, mixes together and makes of the compound a base alloy, and today, the "Mormon" people face a worse problem in the preservation of their young in purity, than they faced in confronting mobs, or in braving the wilds of the Western desert. For them, isolation, while depriving them of experience, would perhaps have continued them in a moral tone that would have made them in time a light to the world; but who shall doubt but that they now have the opportunity to demonstrate the saving power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, as believed in by them?

*Who are the men in scarlet of the future?*

Surely not the boys who have been taught that it is better for them to die than to lose their virtue!

Surely not the boys who recall, with faith believing, that "no adulterer shall see the Kingdom of God."

Surely not those boys, whose sisters in the faith of Christ are among the choicest women of the world!

But there shall come, no doubt, the final sifting of the unclean from among the virtuous by the inevitable process of the law, for the unclean "shall deny the faith," and their wrecks shall strew the path of the Church as from the beginning, a warning to those who shall follow after; and in the hereafter these shall be of the "liars, sorcerers, adulterers and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie." "Who suffer the wrath of God on the earth," and, dying, "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, for these shall suffer the wrath of Almighty God, until the fulness of times when Christ shall have subdued all enemies under



His feet \* \* \* but where God and Christ are these cannot come, worlds without end."—Doc. and Cov. 76.

How much less of being martyrs, are the victims of society, greed and ignorance, who crave the better things of life, than are the victims of religious bigotry? To give up life for principle, may be the accepted definition of martyrdom, but to be sacrificed to the lust of the world is a more pitiful, if a less honorable, death. To be immolated at the blazing stake has no more torments than to see day by day the better part of you trampled in the mire by beasts in human form under the license of government; to part with earthly goods or life itself does not occasion the anguish that comes to the refined and sensitive soul that parts with its virtue; and so I believe that there is no irreverence in me if I paraphrase the words of John the Divine, to illustrate a very probable condition at the day of judgment:

And when there was opened the judgment book, I saw before the throne, the souls of women in scarlet that had been sacrificed on the altar of lust and greed, and they cried with a loud voice, saying, how long, O Lord holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge the blood of virtue upon those that dwell upon the earth. Behold, O Lord, they have laid snares for our feet and have entrapped us in their nets; they have bought and sold us as the beasts of the field, and have kept us in the captivity of sin. Willingly would we have been mothers to the sons of men, but we have been cast off and utterly defiled, and of the mighty and strong ones who sat in the places of power, none have come to deliver us. O Lord, merciful and just, wilt thou not have compassion on us and avenge us of our enemies!

And who shall declare that the great Judge of the quick and the dead who said to the repentant woman found in transgression, "go thy way and sin no more," shall not take from these victims before the altar the scarlet cloak of infamy and receive them into a sphere of happiness and progression! "But the inhabitants of the earth, the rich men, and the governors, and mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman, who wears the robe of scarlet, shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and shall say to the mountains and the rocks, fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne; and from the wrath of the Lord, for the great day of His wrath has come and who shall be able to stand!"

# A Peep into the Depths of Mother Earth

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BY JOHN Q. ADAMS, LATE MISSIONARY TO SAMOA

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[The author of this sketch, who has heretofore contributed several interesting articles to the ERA, calls the attention of the editors to the fact that while recently doing missionary work in the Samoan Islands, occasion presented itself for him to visit the largest active volcano in the world, said to be such by globe-trotters, who speak from experience. He says: "It has within the past six months practically ceased its activity, but was an impressive spectacle during the five years that it belched forth its fiery breath. Its story has as yet been barely more than incidentally mentioned, in passing current literature. Hence, believing a descriptive article dealing with its grandeur, as some of us were privileged to view it, might appeal to the reading public, I submit it to you with some rare views obtained by a professional photographer." We believe our readers will be highly interested in the rare pictures and this descriptive article which the author has copied from his journal.—EDITORS.]

Approaching a real, live volcano of such magnificent proportions as to be classed as the "world's greatest!" Yes, it is an imminent possibility, and I enter into this chapter of my diary with no uncertain anticipation, but with a live, expectant vim and quickened pulse.

As the distance yet remaining approximates forty miles, we left the village of Iva early this morning, choosing the trail along the beach in preference to the boat, in order that we might sleep tonight on the borders of the lava. But little need be said of the walk thither, until about 4 p.m., as we simply stepped off some twenty-five miles, up to that hour, of ordinary Samoan scenery.

Leaving the wilderness now, which we had traversed for ten or more miles, we suddenly emerged upon a broad expanse of jet black rock which even to a blind man would tell an audible tale of exceedingly recent formation. Almost as soon as we were upon it, the depth could be computed at anywhere from fifty feet downward. What an appealing, impressive aspect! As one walks along, the thought that first strikes his now keen perceptive

sense is that of comparison and contrast. Why not call this vast stretch of black, new lava an ice field? Aside from its temperature and color which, being exactly opposite to those of ice, form the fine contrast, there is yet the comparison of its formation and effect in walking upon it. It gives forth a crunching, grinding sound, exactly as a hard, snow road does on a very cold, frosty night. The manner in which blocks of every conceivable size and shape are heaved into various positions brings to mind a broken-up ice floe of the Arctic regions. One cake may rest flat, with the next reared on its extreme edge, at an angle of 90 degrees, with all inter-

vening angles and slants taken by the thick crust which has certainly undergone some powerful convulsions in the course of flowing, cooling and accumulating and exploding gas.

Two immense cones especially claim one's attention as he approaches them. They are close together, and each perhaps twenty-five feet in height, and circular, the jagged edges proclaiming a horribly broken-up interior. Nor is one disappointed in mounting them, for the way in which the rough, varied sized and shaped blocks, cakes, cubes and fragments are piled up in one grand, confused heap, is a sight never to be forgotten. The one idea that pervades the spectator's mind is: "How could sufficient power be concentrated in so limited a space?" for the diameter is about three hundred feet. It would be difficult to even estimate the requisite number of tons of dynamite to ac-



SPIRE AND GABLE OF BURIED CHURCH

This is one of the greatest freak sights on earth. Only last year the active volcano in the island of Savaii, Samoa, covered a whole village. This view is of a Catholic Church buried twenty feet under molten lava, now cold, with only the gable end and bell tower visible. The people of that village all migrated in a body to Upola and started a new village. The elders in the picture are, beginning at the left: Prest. Moody, Elder Woodland, and the secretary, McArthur.

comply the same great result, hence we pass it up as beyond our computations.

Now we are drawing near a something that we feel has a tale to tell to the interested observer. It is the spire of a cement church that not more than six years since served as a place of worship for a race of people. But now, well with the entire body of the large building buried completely, this one spire protrudes some ten or fifteen feet, and is more of an eloquent speaker than many a tongue, for its history is printed on a page as new and distant as if but of yesterday's origin. Pompeii, Herculaneum, Lealatele: what an interesting chapter they furnish to one, depicting the fate of hives of humanity which were suddenly and irresistibly placed many feet in the stony bosom of mother earth. In this more recent calamity it was but a couple of native villages that suffered annihilation, and, as far as known, no lives were lost, but their fate as human dwelling places is linked with that of those well-known victims of grim old Vesuvius. The great monster which poured forth his molten flow upon these islanders is not even blessed with a name, but the significant

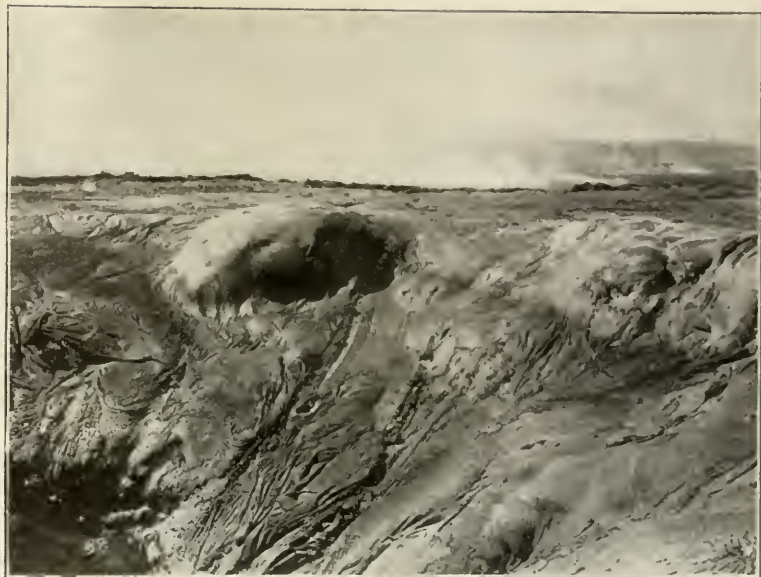


BURIED CHURCH AMIDST SUPREME  
DESOLATION

*mauga mu* of the natives, meaning "burning mountain," is an apt appellation. With what terror did they helplessly view its rapid, resistlessly devastating onward march, until it had passed over their cement churches, burned their thatched homes, annihilated their cocoanut and banana patches, and driven them from the scene where for hundreds of years their ancestors had dwelt, to eventually see it all covered, ex-

cepting the protruding spires, gable ends, and top edges of the walls of ten cement churches and houses of respected missionaries, for that is the number of such we counted in our wandering over the lava fields.





LAVA FIELD, SMOKING AND STEAMING

We now sheer off towards the coast, picking our way over the rough, sharp surface, for we have already learned that to touch without caution means a gash, and we sympathize with the grinding our poor shoes are getting. At intervals we are fearfully aware of the ominous sound our footfalls produce as we walk over some unseen vacuum, covered over with a thin layer of brittle lava. There are yawning gaps, and cracks and crevices where the lava has parted asunder, in cooling and settling. About half way across the six mile expanse the most ticklish sensations begin chasing each other up and down one's spine, and for the following cause: there is one special distinguishing feature that places this volcano in a class by itself, and that is this: from its inland situation of ten or more miles, it is connected with the sea by a vast subterranean passage down which flows a molten stream, never to be seen until it emerges, sputtering, into the surf. It cannot be so many feet below the surface, as its course is easily traced the entire distance by the smoke and steam which constantly arise. In two or three places a little dull-red, molten rock finds its way up to be seen for a quar-

ter of a mile in broad day-light. Of course we make directly for the outlet where it encounters the sea. The peculiar column of steam that rises can be distinguished from the distant island of Upolu. The cold lava rock extends for six miles along the coast, and ends abruptly at the water's edge in a perpendicular, high cliff. The jutting-point, where the red-hot, melted rock flows into the sea, is perhaps one hundred feet wide, and along its face the stuff emerges from its ten-mile underground trip in a bright red paste, about like thick molasses candy, and drops into the water with a hissing, sputtering sound. As each big wave comes rolling over it, the onlooker feels sure it will be drowned out, but molten rock is not so easily vanquished, and even after being completely covered with water for a few seconds it remains red-hot for a time. As a huge mass accumulates and becomes partly cool, it naturally breaks off and goes plunging down, gasping and sizzling until submerged. Then it continues to be heard from, for it explodes with rapid, dull reports, like a rapid-fire gun. The water is sent into the air



ONLY ONE OF COUNTLESS FISSURES IN  
THE LAVA

like a geyser and also great quantities of cooled particles of black lava, forming a spectacle that is simply superb. The water is hot for rods and affects the paint on boats approaching too closely. The coast is being slowly but surely extended seaward as the rock encroaches upon the water's domain, but in the untold ages to

come, the angry sea will come thundering against it, gradually undermining, disintegrating and grinding it up, forming a beach where the vegetable world will regain a foothold. Thus is nature's law of compensation nicely illustrated. (See frontispiece.)

After drinking in the view for hours, we quite reluctantly

turn our backs upon it, and make for the village of Matautu. We can discern the smoking outline of the crater ten miles away, and between it and us is a blackened field of supreme desolation, smoking and steaming its entire course. The edge of the lava is fringed by a dense, tropical wilderness, but it, too, seems to have become tired of life, for the trees stand gaunt and spectre-like, without a leaf, and dried to a tinder. The deadly fumes of sulphur and the intense heat were too much for the vegetable world.

Without further comment we are now at the crater. Its elevation is not so great, perhaps fifteen hundred feet above sea level, and we are soon in close proximity to the jagged cone in



SPECTRE FOREST, LEAFLESS AND LIFELESS, FRINGING LAVA FLOW.

whose interior we feel there is something that will repay us for our exertion. It is not high, perhaps one hundred feet, and we skirt its base to where a banana-leaf house has been erected for a resting place. After disposing of such preliminary incidents as supper, etc., we are now ready and eager for the initial peep into the bowels of the earth. Darkness fails to appear hereabouts, for all our surroundings are enveloped in a mellow, suffused glow that proceeds from below. Carefully we pick our way over the rough, intervening space, the way being pretty well illuminated

by the lurid, red sheet of light sent high into the sky above the crater. The last few rods of steep ascent are negotiated, and,—well, the scene that bursts upon our view is something to pause before, and to absorb, with all the intentness of which our eyes are capable. The one distinct idea that instantly fastens itself upon one's mind is the grand immensity and magnitude of it all. Imagine, if you can, a huge vault whose perpendicular, irregular, jagged sides lead down to a five hundred foot depth and whose length is, as near as one can estimate, one thousand feet at least, with a width nearly as great. The floor is composed of a rest-



#### YAWNING MOUTH OF THE CRATER

The asterisk indicates exact spot from which the volcano was viewed by the writer.

less substance which one can see at a glance is molten rock, white-hot in places, red-hot in others. Being liquid from one end to the other it is as level as water, excepting in one place, nearly under us, where we see the source of it all, a bubbling, boiling, seething mass that is as a huge spring. At times it must boil and shoot up fifty feet and fall splashing and sizzling. In about half a dozen places it is seen flowing out into large caverns, the beginning of its subterranean passage to the sea. As it gets clogged occasionally it explodes, splashing up the sides in big red chunks, mush-like. Out on the center it is covered with a thick black



crust of cooling lava which is cracked in great, irregular, sharp streaks, paralleling each other to the number of hundreds, and disclosing the red liquid beneath. They resemble nothing in the world as much as streaks of lightning, in fact they are exactly like them.

Without cessation there is a peculiar roaring, humming, rushing, splashing pandemonium, the counterpart of a huge iron foundry, and one can almost see at times a resemblance to a gigantic forge. The strong fumes of sulphur come rushing up, mixed with smoke and steam; and if a gust of wind sends them our way, we are forced to drop on our stomachs at once, coughing, sneezing and gasping, for it is a choking gas, comparable only to the fumes of numberless matches. Remember, we are on the extreme edge of the thin overhanging crater's crust, and can see straight down. The bright unnatural light that fills the cavity, and shoots high into the air, is a grand spectacle. We cast large stones down, and their coming in contact with the bottom is unheard, so far is it, and so great the noise. As for a piece of tin sent sailing out over the great smoke stack, it doesn't even attempt to gravitate downward, but returns to the thrower like a boomerang.

These brief notes were scratched off with a lead pencil while the legs of the writer dangled downwards over the pit of the infernal regions. What more apt comparison than that? There is the lake of fire and brimstone, the heat and the roar, and the bottomless pit; everything, in fact, except the old gentleman with the pitchfork! No wonder the native Catholic minister made such an impressive appeal to his flock when they were visiting the crater. Standing on the edge, he pointed down and said: "Do you see that? Well, if you desire such an end just join the 'Mormons.'"

In closing we shall add that we have now had a pretty good representation of the way scientists tell us the world began. We have gazed into the vast cauldron where nature is in the creative period, and have seen the world in its formative state, liquid, unsettled, immeasurably hot. With tingling nostrils, stinging throats, and oppressed lungs, we stand on the brink for a last, long, steady gaze into the under-world. As the writer attempts to put up his umbrella, the closing chapter occurs, for the hot,

up-shooting current catches it as a parachute, snaps the handle off at half its length and, leaving him the crook in his hand, takes the remainder in its powerful grasp, carries it out a short distance, and, as it closes up, down, down it goes like an arrow to a place unseen by startled eyes. It is an appropriate reminder to sacrifice to such a conqueror, and we draw away, and are soon placing to our rear the thing we have come one hundred miles, mostly in a canoe, to view, and found it so far to exceed all our pre-conceived expectations as to defy appropriate description.

RIVERSIDE, UTAH

## Rescued.

*(For the Improvement Era)*

From 'neath trampling feet and the dust of the street,  
 I rescued a delicate rose;  
 That once purest white hath suffered a blight  
 Its bruised, crumpled petals disclose.

Ah, poor little rose! The Father best knows  
 What caused it to fall by the way;  
 Mayhap, it was lost, and the losing hath cost  
 A deep-felt regret for the day.

Pensive I gaze, and the drooping head raise:  
 I wonder if some ruthless hand  
 Such beauty hath known and then lightly thrown  
 Away to receive the street's brand?

The depths of my heart with sad mem'ries start  
 Of one who, once pure as this flow'r,  
 Was cruelly thrown on the world all alone,  
 The caprice of man for an hour.

Tho' saved from the feet treading Merciless Street,  
 She yet bore opprobrium's brand;  
 While he of the same went free from the blame,  
 Again to clasp Virtue's pure hand.

O God of the flower and of woman's dower,  
 So strong in your knowledge of right,  
 Ah, pity the stain, the bruises, the pain,  
 And save from the withering blight!

GRACE INGLES FROST.

WATERLOO, UTAH

# The International Dry-Farming Congress.

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BY JOHN A. WIDTSON, PH. D., PRESIDENT UTAH AGRICULTURAL  
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The settlement in 1847 of the Great Salt Lake Valley by President Brigham Young and his band of pioneers was, aside from its theological significance, an event of tremendous importance to the whole world. It was the first deliberate attempt by civilized men, in a modern age, to make permanent homes in "the desert." Such a venture was needed, for vast "deserts" are found on every continent, and all of the earth's surface must be subdued by man before he can claim dominion over the earth.

The word "desert" is now-a-days used with considerable caution. It may soon be forgotten. The "deserts" of the past were districts that received less than about twenty inches of rainfall annually, and therefore were thought to be unfitted for agriculture. Utah, which receives a trifle more than twelve inches annually belonged with the worst of the deserts. Today, a district that receives less than ten inches of rainfall annually is said to be *arid*; if it receives more than ten inches, but less than twenty inches, it is *semi-arid*; if the rainfall is between twenty and thirty inches, the country is *sub-humid*; and the *humid* sections are those that receive an annual rainfall of more than thirty inches. Less than half a century ago it was believed that the humid sections, only, had real agricultural value. Today the eyes of the nations are fixed on "the deserts," as the lands of agricultural promise.

Every continent includes immense tracts of arid and semi-arid lands. In the United States 1,400,000 square miles, or 63 per cent of the whole area, receive an annual rainfall of less than twenty inches. Mexico and Canada contain even larger proportions of semi-arid lands. South America, which is the wettest of the continents, includes great regions of low rainfall. Australia, which is larger than continental United States, is two-thirds arid and semi-arid. Africa has large "deserts" in the north and in the

south. Asia is essentially an arid and semi-arid continent. Even in Europe large areas are under a low rainfall. In fact, one-fourth of the whole surface of the earth receives less than ten inches of rainfall annually, and is arid; and nearly one-third receives between ten and twenty inches, and is semi-arid. Over fifty-five per cent of the earth's surface, therefore, are to be classed with the "deserts" of old. Only a small portion of this empire of "deserts" has been reclaimed for the use of man. More than one-half of the surface of the earth is yet to be conquered. Brigham Young's problems in the valleys of Utah were indeed world problems.

The population of the earth is steadily increasing in numbers. Some say it will be doubled in one hundred years; it may be trebled. Without doubt it is increasing. With every year, therefore, more food must be produced. The old farms on the old lands, under present methods, are not yielding increased harvests. This is one of the reasons why every great nation is seeking new lands on which to found colonies that can raise foodstuffs for the over-crowded portions of the earth. Since the humid sections are fairly well occupied, the attention of the land-hungry nations has necessarily been focussed on the arid and semi-arid sections, which as yet are sparsely occupied. Who would have ventured to predict a hundred years ago that the great nations would war or threaten war with each other over the possession of such notably waste places as the Libyan and Sahara Deserts, which include Tripoli, Algeria, The Sudan, Morocco and other places that have been in the recent limelight of international politics?

The making of gardens in the Great American Desert by Brigham Young and his associates, and in other great deserts by other noble pioneers, has proved that there is virtue in the "desert." Science in her slow but certain way has shown that arid soils are superlatively fertile. They are the most fertile in the world. The pioneers have demonstrated that this fertility may be liberated and made to stimulate plant growth, by the application of water. The experience of half a century has proved that agriculture under arid conditions can be made most pleasant and profitable.

It was a great day, that 24th of July, 1847, when the Utah pioneers directed the tiny stream of water from City Creek to the newly planted field. It was the beginning of modern irrigation in



the United States. To the whole world it taught the proper use of the rivers running through or near the "desert:" "Dam them back, and divert their waters to the fields." Irrigation is the fundamental agricultural practice of arid districts. By its help, the incomparably fruitful gardens of the earth will be produced; intensive agriculture is made possible, and populous cities will arise on "the sands of the desert."

It was, however, as great a day when the water in the newly-built canal failed, and the discouraged pioneer saw his young wheat field fight the withering heat of the sun throughout the season until at the end it yielded a small harvest of grain. A crop had been raised, without irrigation—in the "desert!" It was a miracle! Men would not believe it. Only as experience was added to experience, did the understanding come to men that by proper methods of tillage, the small rainfall could be stored in the soil, and because of the wondrously fertile soil could produce a profitable crop without irrigation. Thus was born dry-farming, the complement of irrigation in the material redemption of the portions of the earth that are under a low rainfall.

Important as is the art of irrigation, it can not hope to serve more than a small fraction of the arid area of the world. When all the waters in all the suitable rivers have been diverted for irrigation purposes not more than one-sixth, at the outside estimate, of the arid lands of the earth, can be reclaimed by irrigation. The remaining five-sixths, if reclaimed at all, must be reclaimed by the methods of dry-farming. Not more than one-tenth of the area of Utah can we ever hope to bring under irrigation. In dry-farming lies the ultimate hope of reclaiming the "deserts" of the earth. For that reason it has become of world-wide interest. As Ambassador James Bryce said publicly the other day, together with irrigation, it is probably the most important question before the nations.

The modern origin of dry-farming lies in Utah, and dates back to the efforts of the Utah pioneers between 1855 and 1875. California, the Northwest, the Great Plains and perhaps other sections later developed it independently. It has been tried out so long and on so many soils that there is no longer any question about its feasibility. Men are concerning themselves now with the proper adaptations of dry-farming methods to the vast variety of

soils, climates, crops and precipitation that occurs over the rainless sections of the earth. It is hoped that in time all arid lands may be brought under subjection; at the present time, the chief efforts are directed to semi-arid conditions; that is, where an annual rainfall between ten and twenty inches prevails.

Dry-farming has become a matter of state interest. Utah, very properly, instituted, under the administration of Gov. Heber M. Wells, the first experimental dry-farms in the country. A score of states and nations have since followed Utah's example. As the work grew in importance, however, the need was felt of an organization that would enable the states and nations to exchange experience and ideas regarding the methods and results of farming without irrigation, under semi-arid conditions.

The International Dry-Farming Congress was organized at Denver, in January, 1906. It has held annual meetings since that time in Salt Lake City, Utah; Cheyenne, Wyoming; Billings, Montana; Spokane, Washington; and Colorado Springs, Colorado. The Congress has grown beyond all expectation of those who assisted to organize it. It has assumed a position of great importance in the agricultural work not only in the United States, but in almost every country. It numbers branch organizations in Canada, Mexico, several South American countries, Australia, South Africa and Hungary. To the sessions of the Congress have been sent special delegates from England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Turkey, Palestine, India, China, the South African Federation, Australia, Brazil, Uruguay, Chile, Mexico, Canada and other foreign nations. Several nations, notably Russia, Hungary, France and Australia, have kept men in the United States for the purpose of securing information concerning American dry-farming methods. The International Institute of Agriculture recently published a voluminous report on dry-farming written by a Hungarian official. The dry-farm experiment stations in foreign countries now outnumber those of the United States.

The international character of the sessions of the Congress has shown forcibly how very similar, after all, are the needs and problems of different nations. At the last Congress, held at Colorado Springs, at one forenoon session, delegates from India, Australia, Canada and Brazil discussed the success that had already attended dry-farming in their respective countries, and the

promise it held for the future. It was an inspiration to see the nations unite in the discussion of fundamental problems for the common good of men.

Hungary, Canada and several of the states contested for the honor of entertaining the next session of the Congress. When Canada won, the delegates from Hungary served notice that they intended to continue trying until they succeeded in securing the Congress for Budapest.

The next session of the International Dry-Farming Congress will be held in Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada. It is the first time that the Congress has gone outside of the United States; but it is not likely to be the last. The next session bids fair to be a very important one. Many nations are preparing exhibits to be used at the Congress. The Canadian government has appropriated a large sum for exhibition purposes. Secretary Wilson of the United States Department of Agriculture has recommended that \$10,000 be used for a Federal exhibit of the dry-farm possibilities of the United States. The various state governments are also taking a lively interest in the next Congress.

The Alberta country is of great interest to our people because of the settlements located there under Church direction. The low rate on the railroads; the great possibilities of the country; the modern methods of the Canadian government, and the programs and exhibits prepared by the Congress, should induce many Utah people to be present at the sessions of the Congress at Lethbridge, Oct. 21st to 26th, 1912.

The dry-farming movement is growing with such rapidity that no one person has a true conception of its magnitude. It is world embracing; and may become world saving, in a temporal sense. The great nations of antiquity, which we know practiced agriculture on arid lands without irrigation, have left us a message which we should learn and extend. It is a great joy that the twin arts of irrigation and dry-farming, destined to conquer the larger half of the earth, should have been revived in modern days, for the benefit of all races, by the pioneers of our people when they were heartlessly driven from their homes and lands into the forbidding wilderness. Thus good has come out of an evil purpose; and honor instead of dishonor has come to the persecuted but honest followers of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Of all people, the Latter-

day Saints and the people of Utah generally, should be interested in the onward movement for the conquest of the waste places of the earth. Truly, we dare now say, "The desert shall blossom as the rose."

LOGAN, UTAH

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## The "Maine" and Her Dead

On the 16th of March, the raised battleship *Maine*, which for fourteen years rested under the waters of Havana harbor, was escorted by the United States battleship *North Carolina* and the cruiser *Birmingham* to its last resting place in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Four miles from seashore, the ship's cocks were opened, taps were sounded from the watching warships, and the *Maine* gradually sank, going with flags flying to an honorable grave. The sea was strewn with flowers. The *North Carolina* then proceeded to the United States with sixty-six bodies of the *Maine's* victims, recovered with the raising of the vessel and interred temporarily in Cuba. These were taken to the Arlington Cemetery, at Washington, overlooking the broad Potomac, where, March 23, they were buried with all the honors of war. Rear Admiral Sigsbee and other survivors were present. Twenty-five thousand citizens stood with bared heads in the rain as the cortege passed through the capital. Will Carleton, in a poem published in *Harper's Weekly*, says of the funeral of the *Maine*:

Out of the harbor she sought long ago,  
 Harbor that welcomed, but served not to save,  
 Under the clouds, bending piteous and low,  
 Crept the great ship to her grave.  
 Not from the battle's tumultuous breath,  
 Not from the glory of victory's morn:—  
 But from her travail of flame and of death,  
 Lo! a republic was born.  
 Not in the arms of this Queen of the Wrecks,  
 Lingered the dust of her far-famous dead:  
 Forests of palms hailed the flag on her decks—  
 Roses above her were spread.  
 Long had she waited her funeral-day,  
 Lying in rough state mid sunlight or gloom:  
 Now the world's plaudits each step of the way  
 Followed her path to the tomb.  
 Full sixty fathoms we buried her low,  
 'Neath the rough sea and the ne'er-changing skies:  
 Far from molesting of friend or of foe,  
 Heedless of tempests she lies.  
 Lies in the arms of the ocean-waves pressed,  
 With the wet sea-roses over her spread,  
 While, with the love of a nation caressed,  
 Arlington cares for her dead,



# A Monstrous Beast

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BY STERLING TALMAGE, B. S., CURATOR, DESERET MUSEUM

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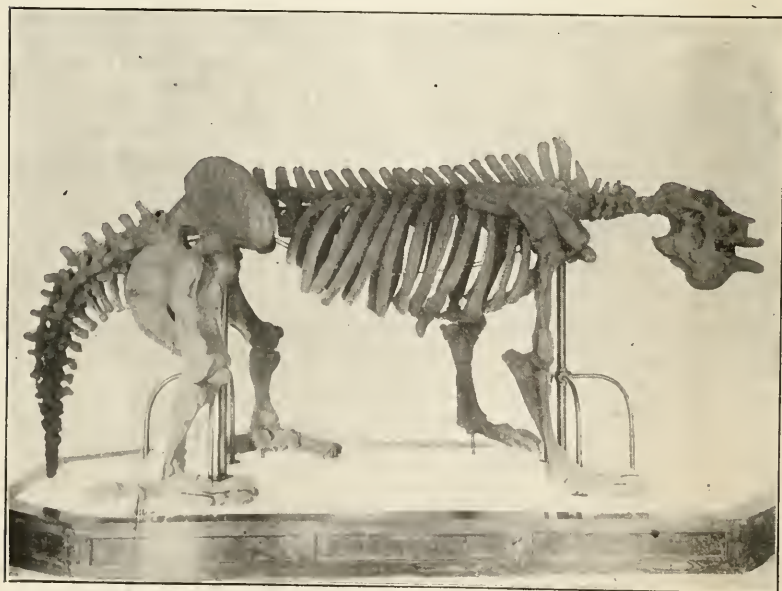
One of the most remarkable animals that ever lived is the *Megatherium Cuvieri*; a replica of its skeleton has recently been secured by the Deseret Museum. The discovery of the remains of this strange animal, the study of its peculiarities of structure, the disputes among scientists regarding its proper classification, and finally the fixing of its close relationship with the small South American Edentates make a chain of events as interesting and instructive as any that can be found in geologic annals.

The *Megatherium* was first brought to the notice of the scientific world in 1789. It was discovered in the Pampean deposits of Quaternary age on the banks of the River Luxan, near the city of Buenos Ayres, and later transported from South America to Madrid, where it stood as a scientific riddle for about fifty years, none of the naturalists of the day being able to classify it. Later, between the years 1831 and 1838 a complete skeleton was discovered in the same locality, part of the bones being secured by the British Museum, and part by the Royal College of Surgeons. But for a long time the position of this beast in the animal kingdom was a matter of controversy. It was named by Cuvier, "*Megatherium*" which means simply "Monstrous Beast;" he also said that it combined the characteristics of Sloth, Ant-Eater, and Armadillo. The huge carapace or back-armor of a *Glyptodon* was found very near the bones of the *Megatherium*, and for a time was thought to be part of the skeleton; and so it came about that most scientists believed the *Megatherium* to be a mammoth Armadillo. Prof. Owen, the celebrated English geologist, finally proved, after a careful study, that this extinct monster was a gigantic Ground-Sloth, which fed on the foliage of trees.

The largest modern Sloth is two feet long, while the *Megatherium* skeleton measures nearly nineteen feet in extreme length. But there are several characteristics which prove a very close affinity between the two forms. The teeth are equal in number—

five pairs in the upper jaw and four in the lower,—and are remarkable for their deep insertion; the peculiar zygomatic processes on the sides of the skull are common to both animals; several other bones, notably the shoulder-blade and the thigh-bone have features in common which show the close structural relationship. The parts in which the *Megatherium* differs from the Sloth are in a measure similar to the corresponding parts of the Ant-Eater, another member of the same class. These features determine the classification of the *Megatherium* as an Edentate, a class to which some early naturalists were loth to assign it, because of the great difference in size between it and the modern representatives of this class. The Spanish naturalists expressed this objection by saying, "All the other Edentates could dance inside his carcass."

But notwithstanding these features, so characteristic of the class, the *Megatherium* has certain individual points which are noticeable on first sight of the animal, and some others which, while not so prominent, are none the less interesting. The first thing which draws attention is, of course, the great size of the animal as a whole. From the nose to the end of the tail the skeleton



MEGATHERIUM CUVIERI

measures about nineteen feet; the bones alone would weigh about two tons; so, since the bones of an animal make up less than half its weight, this monster must have weighed when alive no less than ten thousand pounds! In spite of this feature being so noticeable, it was temporarily lost sight of by Dr. Lund, a Danish naturalist, who actually advanced the idea that the *Megatherium*, like the modern Sloth, lived in the trees.

The *Megatherium*'s great size appears more remarkable by comparison with its small present day relatives, yet it was not much larger than a large modern Elephant. But comparing these two animals we see several individual parts of the *Megatherium* which far exceed in size the corresponding parts of the Elephant, or any other known mammal, while on the other hand, the head is so small as to excite wonder. The massive hindquarters of the *Megatherium* are remarkable; the hind legs and feet have been characterized as "models of massive organic masonry;" they appear more like pillars of support than organs of locomotion. The heel-bone alone is seventeen inches long and twenty-eight inches in circumference, while the hind foot from heel to claw measures slightly over a yard—roughly one and one-half times the length of the whole body of the largest living Edentate. The pelvis is the largest bone which has been found in any land mammal, living or extinct; it measures slightly over five feet broad. The rough hip-bones and spinal crest show that the pelvis was the center of enormously powerful muscular bundles, which acted upon the trunk, the hind legs and the tail. These muscles must have been possessed of remarkable contractile energy, as shown by the great amount of nerve force brought to bear upon them. The spinal cord near the hips was four inches in diameter, while the nerve center or ganglion in the pelvic region was considerably larger than the brain.

The tail measures seven feet in length, and when clothed in flesh was six feet in circumference at the base. It was used as a "third leg," it with the hind limbs acting as a tripod when the *Megatherium* reared itself up. This was a common position of the animal when obtaining food; the skeleton when mounted that way measures seventeen feet high.

The fore limbs are not so bulky as the hind quarters, but what they lack in massiveness they make up in length and mobil-

ity, and are built along lines which show enormous strength. The clavicle is the longest known, measuring fifteen inches. The fore leg with the foot is slightly over seven feet long, the forearm is quite rotatable, and the foot is provided with enormous claws. The general style of the whole fore limb shows that it is built for grasping, pulling and rending.

The feet both before and behind are turned so that the animal walked on the outside edge, probably on a hoof-like callosity. This worked against speed, but the *Megatherium* did not need that. In seeking food, it ran *after* no animals, for its teeth show it to be a leaf-feeder; and if size counts for anything, it certainly ran *from* few, if any. If we had seen this great Sloth alive, its slothful movements would probably have attracted as much notice as its great size.

As already stated, its head is comparatively small; the size of the brain cavity leads us to believe that the animal was of that degree of intelligence generally called stupid. But it needed no great mental power to fill out its daily round of existence. It was no doubt solitary in its habits, as herds were not necessary for self-protection; moreover, many could not find sufficient food in any limited space unless the vegetation was extremely luxuriant. Probably most of its time was spent securing food in sufficient quantity to furnish energy for that monstrous body. It had a habit of rearing on its hind legs and tail, getting firmly set, and using the powerful fore limbs to tear up or break down trees. It would then, it is believed, lie down and strip the tree of its leaves and twigs at its leisure.

The *Megatherium*, remarkable as it is, is not the only extinct Edentate giant. In the same Pampean deposit were found the remains of the *Mylodon*, *Megalonyx* and *Scelidotherium*, all of them Sloths; the *Mastodon*, the *Toxodon*, and others, in addition to the *Glyptodon*, which caused confusion as already stated. Fragmentary remains of the *Megatherium* and its associates have been discovered in the United States, but South America was then, as now the home of the Edentates,



# The Country Life Movement

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BY FRANK S. HARRIS, PH. D., AGRONOMIST, UTAH AGRICULTURAL  
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Anyone keeping in touch with world movements has noticed the great attention given at present in newspapers and magazines and by public speakers to questions of rural progress and welfare. This agitation is usually spoken of as the "Country Life Movement." There is another great movement typified by the expression, "Back to the Land," which is distinct from the first one mentioned. The latter is really a city problem having to do with the relieving of congested centers of population by sending some of the people of the city out to till the land. The "Country Life Movement," which I wish to discuss, should not be confused with this city problem as it is something entirely different. It deals with the problems of the man on the land, the tiller of the soil, who has always furnished the best brain and brawn of the nations.

In primitive times practically all the people lived close to nature. They obtained a livelihood by tending their flocks and herds and by harvesting wild or cultivated crops. There were no great cities in the modern sense, and people led simple lives, their wants being supplied without a great amount of commercial intercourse.

As discovery progressed, civilization gradually grew more complex. New sets of problems presented themselves and were solved. During the last century science has advanced so fast and facilities for transportation and commerce have been so greatly enlarged that an entirely new set of conditions has arisen from anything previously known in the history of the world.

These conditions have made the present a city building age. The rural districts of New England have a lower population than fifty or seventy-five years ago, while many of the cities have grown to a number of times their former size during the same period.

This movement to the cities has had the effect of producing

a more rapid advancement there than the country districts have enjoyed. Modern conveniences have been contrived for the urban home while the farm house has been under the necessity of retaining many of its old inconveniences. School systems have been developed that have been especially suited to city children, and the text books have been written primarily for those engaged in the commerce for which centers of populations are so well adapted. Architects have made their plans especially for town houses, fashions in dress have been suited to city conditions, the so-called best systems of etiquette have been those which were arranged for social intercourse in crowded centers, and in all lines the machinery of city life has been given more attention than that of the country; indeed, people of rural districts who have thought themselves most up-to-date have been those who have copied most closely city ideas in architecture, dress, etiquette and general habits of life. It did not seem to occur to them that the conditions of the country were entirely different from those of the city and needed different rules and customs.

The country life movement in its most helpful form is a great awakening in favor of the betterment of rural conditions. It aims to turn attention toward those who live in the open country and on the farm, who do not have the conveniences of the modern city. It proposes to help them in securing their share of the benefits to be derived from the discoveries of science and the advance in learning. This will be accomplished largely by the re-direction of the affairs of the country along lines suited to its needs. Its aim is not the making of people on the farm rich so they can move to the city to enjoy life, but rather the development of a life on the farm which will be complete and satisfying in itself. It should make of the country not a temporary abode of transients, but the permanent home of a civilization suited to its environment and enjoying all that the world can offer in science, art, and learning. When such an adjustment is realized we may expect a manhood and womanhood to come from the land such as it has been the privilege of but few ages to witness. There is in the country so much of industry, honesty, health and wholesomeness, that when these characteristics are blended with the refinement and learning of the age, an advanced condition of humanity is assured.

Those who are most optimistic about rural development do not wish to keep all the people on the farm. They see in the growth of cities a great opportunity for commerce and other institutions of modern civilization. They simply affirm that the country should take its part in advancement, and that the people in it should have the opportunity of living satisfied, happy lives.

The conditions which seem to be contributing most toward this movement at present are the development of scientific and business methods in home and farm management, and the introduction of such conveniences as the telephone, the rural free delivery, trolley lines, automobiles and other helps in communication and transportation. Educational systems are being improved so that people are trained to enjoy manual work rather than to shun it. All these things are bound to have their effect on rural life in helping to give the people who live on the land the conditions they need.

There is at present a crying need for leadership in the social betterment of country districts. The young man or woman from the country who has been able to enjoy a college training can find no better field for the exercise of his trained talents than to return to his own community and take active part in this great movement for rural improvement. What more glorious mission is there in life than for a person to spend his best energies in behalf of his own people, to help place his home community on a higher level socially, financially, intellectually and religiously? How much more praiseworthy than to go off among strangers to spend one's life in gratifying some personal whim!

The Latter-day Saints have always been pioneers and have lived close to the land. This is doubtless one of the sources of their strength. They have ever fostered those things in education and social intercourse which are elevating in their nature and which tend toward the uplift of all the people. They should, therefore, be able to take first place in this great country life movement and set an example for others worthy of emulation.

Not long ago, while at a conference on rural progress in New York State, the author attended a meeting of those interested in the religious development of country life. At that meeting a clergyman, who is known all over the nation for his interest in the country church, told those present that they should pattern after

the "Mormons" in looking after the practical welfare of their country congregations. This shows that the Latter-day Saints have been working along the lines of progress, and it is hoped that they will continue to do so. If there are any young people living on the farm or in the village who are fitted for leadership, they should be willing to take upon themselves the labor of lifting their community to a higher level in everything that will be conducive to the welfare and advancement of the people. If such a cause is espoused and carried on with vigor, the reward of a well-spent happy life is sure to follow.

LOGAN, UTAH

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## Words Un-Recalled

*(For the Improvement Era)*

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I said it of him in a thoughtless haste,  
Not knowing I would live to wish unsaid  
The cruel word that's never been erased;  
Its stigma fell upon my own poor head.

I said, "He cares not for his fellow-men."  
He never knew—he doesn't know today;  
But I've repented o'er and o'er again  
For those untimely words that went astray.

For soon a darkening shadow fell athwart  
The road that I had trod unstrewn with cares.  
I stood from all the heedless crowd apart,  
As e'en my friends would pass me unawares.

But he of whom I said the unkind thing  
Espied me in my sorrowing solitude,  
And came to give what they had failed to bring,  
Companionship and love and fortitude.

LOUIS W. LARSEN.

LEWISTON, UTAH



# The Open Road

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BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS  
UNIVERSITY

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*Stage III—In Which Brocketts Walks on Thin Ice and Comes  
Near Breaking Through.*

That Tom and Brocketts should be on exactly the same friendly terms after what had happened concerning the auburn-haired people, was hardly to be expected even by the charity which covers a multitude of sins. Neither was it to be hoped that they would keep altogether apart, seeing that they were both at the stable. And yet this last was precisely what occurred. For several days after the incident Tom managed to dodge Brocketts every morning, noon, and night, whenever, in fact, he thought he heard footsteps on the ladder above or on the board walk just outside the door. Brocketts had appeared calm enough that night, but there was fire in his eye which Tom feared might break out any minute.

And well might the stable-boy be stricken with fear and remorse, for Brocketts was thoroughly vexed. He was a proud boy, and this affair was a sore humiliation. He knew that, whenever they met, Tom and his chums were laughing over the greenhorn from Bavaria. Nothing, therefore, could gall him worse. The only wonder was that he had not gone straight from his conversation with Dudley that morning and, as he said, pounded Tom into a mummy. But most likely his feelings were softened a good deal by his new comradeship with Brown and his pleasant surprise regarding the "Mormons," as well as by the fact that he did not see the stable-boy at all till night. The more he thought of it, however, at first, the higher his bile rose and the more he felt like executing a summary vengeance on the practical joker. Tom, though, shrewdly kept out of the way.

But if Brocketts was quick to anger, he was quick also to

forget. Naturally he had a soft heart; he never nursed hard feelings against anyone, no matter how great the offense, if there was shown the least sign of penitence. This had been demonstrated once at Omaha when Ed Poulsen sneaked up behind him as Brocketts was walking home one night heavily overcoated and muffled. The fellow struck him a blow on the left cheek, and then ran away as fast as his cowardly legs could carry him. Brocketts had vowed speedy revenge. But next time he saw Ed, the boy begged for mercy, laying the blame on a bigger boy who had egged him on, and so he reluctantly forgave him, and the two were friends thereafter. Tom, of course, did not know anything about all this, but he acted as if he had his own way discovering Brockett's weak spot.

And so one evening as Brocketts came into the stable a little earlier than usual, he bumped into Tom. Tom, to be sure, was a good deal abashed, but tried to make out that this meeting was exactly what he had been yearning for.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "I've been wantin' to see you fer a long time now!"

"Then what have you been running away from me for?" Brocketts asked without indicating in the least what his own feelings on the subject were.

Tom only grinned. "I was on'y jokin'," he explained.

"Course you were only joking. But I don't like such jokes." And Brocketts turned on his heel and walked toward the ladder-way to his room. But Tom followed.

"You ain't goin' to be mad at me all the time are you?"

"No," was the answer, "not if you act decent."

"Put her there, then, to show you ain't!" Tom said, extending his hand. And Brocketts took the hand, giving it a warm grasp.

Early the next morning Tom bolted into the upper room unceremoniously. "Say," he cried, "will you come out with us kids? We're goin' fer a lark tonight."

"What's a lark?"

"Oh, a jolly good time. Tick-tacking, changin' things. We'll have lots o' fun. Come on! There's eight of us, countin' you. You'll come, won't you?"

Brocketts hesitated. He didn't know what "tick-tacking" and "changin' things" were, but there was a sound in the very names

that boded no good. To tell the truth, he would rather stay at home, because he felt vaguely that it was a sort of mischief that would breed bad consequences.

"Aw! you're still mad at me, ain't you?" Tom broke in.

That settled it with Brocketts. "I'll go," he said. "Tell me when the fellows come."

Down there in one of the back alley-ways of Cellartown Mr. Walton came to him. Mr. Walton was always a cheerful, good soul, especially with boys. And Brocketts liked him.

"Well, young man, and how do you like your job by this time, hey?"

"I like it, sir," Brocketts answered looking up but still keeping at his work. He was assorting a great pile of horse shoes which had got wonderfully mixed in a railroad wreck.

"And Mr. Bernstein seems to like you, too," Mr. Walton went on. Brocketts looked up inquiringly. "Leastways he 'pears to," the man added with a sudden caution.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Brocketts.

This was the first hint the boy had received from anyone that Mr. Bernstein ever thought of him. For weeks now he had been in the detestable bypaths of this place. And so far as he could judge by the outlook he would always be here. He wondered what Mr. Walton meant by the remark that his employer liked him. Did he *know*? If he did, it must be from Mr. Bernstein himself. But maybe he was only guessing. He *would* like to get on better in his employer's sight. He would do anything to get along.

"You're a stranger here, aren't you?" inquired Mr. Walton.

"Yes, sir."

"And I suppose you're not in the Church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh! somebody told me you were not a 'Mormon' at all."

"I—I'm not a 'Mormon,' but I belong to the church."

This was something for Mr. Walton to scratch his bald head about. "How can you *belong* to a thing and *not* belong to it at the same time, my boy? Tell me that." And Mr. Walton looked quizzically at the boy.

"I'm a Catholic, sir."

"The deuce, you say! Why didn't you *say* so? I wonder you got a place here."

"Mr. Bernstein doesn't know I'm not a 'Mormon.' Ought I to tell him? Will he fire me when he knows?"

"Nothing of the sort, boy; so make yourself easy on that score. Mr. Bernstein's a reasonable man. He knows that some people outside of our Church are as good as some people *in* it. But, you know, we have to take care of our own people *first*. See? If we don't look out for ourselves and our friends, who will? Tell me that."

Brocketts saw. At the same time he was worried. Had he done wrong in not telling Mr. Bernstein, But how was he to know that he was among the "Mormons?" He told Mr. Walton about his conceptions of the Latter-day Saints and how he became enlightened. Whereupon Mr. Walton laughed heartily. But later he grew very serious. He said—

"You'll have to be careful who you pick up with. I'm afraid that boy Tom—a good enough boy, as boys go, you know—but I'm afraid he'll get the bounce some day. He's always up to some prank or other. You'll have to be careful and that's what I came to tell you. Being a stranger and not one of us, you understand, it's up to you to make good. You've got nothing to fall back on—no parents, no relations, no very long past record. If I were you I wouldn't stick too close to that stable-boy. He's on his last good behavior now, and next time anything happens something else'll happen. So watch out!"

And Mr. Walton shuffled off, leaving this strange morsel for Brocketts to chew. What did he mean? Did he know anything about tonight's "lark?" How could he? Tom wouldn't tell him. It was all very strange, coming just at this time, and it set Brocketts to thinking.

That night just after dark and while Brocketts was in the act of counting the money he had in a tin box, Tom popped his head through the open door and whispered—

"We're all ready. Come on!"

"I've changed my mind, Tom—I'm not going!" He put the money away.

"What!"

"I said I'd changed my mind about going."

"Aw! you're on'y jokin'."

"No, I'm not."



"Well, why?"

"Oh, I've been thinking. You know I'm a stranger in this place and it's harder for me to make good than anyone who's always lived here." He unconsciously fell into the phraseology of Mr. Walton. "And I don't want to get into any scrapes."

"That's so," Tom asserted. "Believe you're right. Maybe I'd better not go myself. I'll tell the kids."

"You'd better not go on that lark, Tom—if it means mischief!" Brocketts said with solemn emphasis. He would have liked to say more, but he felt that he would be betraying confidence if he did. And so he kept silence.

What passed among the "kids" down in the stable he had no difficulty in learning.

"Where's Brocketts?" demanded one boy.

"Won't go!" Tom said, "an' I guess—"

"Coward! coward!" yelled several.

"Scart of the Red-heads!" put in one. "Scart of the Red-heads!"

Whereat everybody roared, and Brocketts winced.

"Come on, kids—we're not scart! Are we, Tom?" cried the biggest lad, who, perhaps, suspected that Brocketts had influenced Tom slightly.

"N—no!" replied that worthy.

And, "scart" or no, the two made hilariously for the door, followed by the other five.

Six o'clock of the next morning saw Brocketts up and making preparations for breakfast. When he went down the ladder for some water, he saw Tom already at his work.

"Well, what kind of a lark did you have last night?" he inquired.

"Aw, shut up!" Tom snapped.

Brocketts said no more, but drew a pail of water from the pump and started up the ladder with it.

"Say!" Tom shouted. "Come here a minute."

Brocketts turned with his foot on the first rung.

"Come here," repeated the stable-boy, "I want to tell you something."

Brocketts dropped his pail of water and went near the stall where Tom was brushing down one of the horses.

"Why didn't you come with us, Brock? What made you change your mind?"

"Thought I might get into trouble," replied Brocketts, "and I'm too new here to get into trouble."

"Guess you're right, old boy. I got into trouble!"

"How do you know?"

"How do I know! Didn't Mr. Bernstein tell me so last night?"

"Why, did you see him last night?"

"Guess I did all right—and saw him hard, too. He caught us coming out of a saloon. I bumped right into him!"

"What did he say?" Brocketts asked.

"Oh, he only asked me what I was doing there at that time o' night."

Brocketts turned to go.

"And that ain't all, either," Tom went on. Brocketts stopped to hear the rest.

"Nothing would satisfy the kids but we must tick-tack Mr. Bernstein's house."

"But you certainly wasn't fool enough to go with 'em after that."

"Hold yer horses, Brock! They didn't notify yours truly of their plans, else I reckon I'd not have went. Anyway, we tick-tacked his window in good shape. I didn't know it was his, though, till he come out and grabbed me as I run away."

"Well?"

"He took me in the house where it was light. Gee, but I was scart!" Tom paused.

"What did he say?"

"Nothing but just this—'You come to my office first thing in the morning.' And so I got my foot in it. See?"

Brocketts saw well enough. He went away and about his breakfast more than seeing. He felt somehow as if this concerned him almost as closely as it did Tom. All through the morning, too, he thought about it. What a narrow escape he had had!

But was it an escape, after all? Would not Mr. Bernstein think he had had something to do with the affair. He knew, of course, that he had not, but he knew also that people sometimes get credit, more often discredit, for what they have no hand in.

And so he had a vague fear he could not get rid of what Mr. Bernstein would want to know if he had any connection with Tom's "lark." To be sure, he could say truthfully that he had not, but it was a disagreeable thing to have suspicions about you. It is so hard to get rid of them—if you ever do. And he was so anxious to get along, to make good.

At noon he was relieved to find that he had not been called into the office. When he went to dinner he found a new boy at the stable in Tom's place. In the afternoon he thought less about the matter and so in a sense was relieved. But just before quitting time the voice of Mr. Walton rang out up one of the alleyways at the end of which Brocketts was boxing up tomato cans—

"Brocketts, you're wanted in the office right away!"

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*Stage IV.—Which Tells How Brocketts Leaves Cellartown.*

When Brocketts heard Walton's voice calling for him to go to the office, his heart bounded like a deer from the thicket with the hounds close at her heels, and then began to thump away in his bosom like a sledge-hammer.

He knew now that it was all up with him, as he said to himself. Mr. Bernstein had got wind that he had intended to join Tom's "lark." Maybe he had got something more definite than wind. Surely, Tom had not implicated him in any way? But who knew? It was certain now that Mr. Bernstein had information. That was the only explanation he could give of the conversation between himself and Walton the day before. After all, there was very little that went on about the store or any of the employes, which did not reach the manager's ears.

That he did not go with Tom or have anything to do with his escapade would or would not count with Mr. Bernstein according to circumstances. Not that Mr. Bernstein was unreasonable and arbitrary, but like every other man his judgment was formed by evidence; and the evidence might go against Brocketts. Anyway, Brocketts was determined to take his medicine without making a face. And so he went to take it.

But it was not medicine. It was sugar, and a heaping spoonful at that.

"Brocketts," Mr. Bernstein said, "aren't you getting mighty tired of your job?" And then without waiting for him to answer, he went on: "Walton speaks very highly of you. He says you're a hard worker and that you can always be depended upon. That's the kind of men I want around here. And so I'm going to promote you. Tomorrow morning you call on Mr. Nickerson in the grocery department and he'll set you to work. Your wages will be five dollars a week. That's all."

The thing almost took Brocketts off his feet. He felt like a man he had read of once who, in falling down a pit one dark night, grabbed a pole on his way down, and hung there for dear life till he could hang no longer, and then let go to fall—not a hundred feet as he had expected, but a contemptible three inches! Only, Brocketts, instead of falling down a deep pit, had been lifted clear out of it.

He thanked Mr. Bernstein profusely and awkwardly, and then took his way to his room. With what light feet did he trip it out of the store through the back way, through the stable, and up the ladder into the barnloft!

"Life," says the late lamented O. Henry, "is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with the sniffles predominating." This may be true of a girl, but it is not true of the normal boy. And a good thing it is for the philosophical reputation of Mr. Henry that he was speaking of a girl when he said it.

To be sure, there is a period in every body's life when he does nothing but sob. It is confidently asserted by some older persons that there is a period in his life when he sighs like the west wind. But who ever heard of a boy sniffing?

No! In a boy's life the smiles predominate. Of course, the smiles may be far apart. There may be a great deal between them that is anything but gladness. But a boy thinks nothing of that. What counts with him is the smiles. They may be all very brief, as such things are apt to be, but if they are only intense while they last—why, that is all that is necessary to make them permanent. A boy who has a few of these sprinkled over the area of his boyhood lives longer in a minute than your Methuselahs who are without them.

Anyhow, Brocketts thought so. He was so happy that he could



not eat. And he tumbled into bed early that he might lie there and think and plan.

What a fine thing it was to be told you were making good! Walton and Mr. Bernstein were pleased with what he was doing. What a tonic that was! He had thanked Mr. Bernstein. He would have to thank Walton. Glad as Brocketts was, his joy would have passed all bounds had he known that there really was no place for him in the grocery department and that Mr. Bernstein had deliberately created one.

Brocketts meant to continue making good. It would not do to fail. He would never betray his employer's confidence in him. He would work hard and faithfully to increase that confidence. And, then, too, he would try to prepare himself for bigger things. With his hopeful imagination he saw himself rising to a clerkship in the grocery department, then to be head clerk, after that he would help manage the whole establishment, and finally take Mr. Bernstein's place.

Rich men have confessed that the first hundred dollars saved came harder than the first ten thousand. Most likely, too, if they would tell us, it gave them more genuine satisfaction. Similarly the first rise in life, of whatever sort, gives greater joy than ever comes from any that follows. It acts as a spur to one's intent, and if one only gets the habit of rising—the thing is done.

But Brocketts thought of more than merely rising and getting money. Indeed, this was only a small part of his thoughts. The rising in life was only a means to an end. He wanted it for the possibility, that ever lay present in it, of finding his parents. And so, as the night wore on, he lay there and planned how he would seek them. He would stay here till he came to be manager—perhaps assistant manager, but manager was better—and then get a leave of absence to make the search. It would not take long to climb to the management now that he had got started. But that other might. He did not doubt that he could find them. The delirium of joy lasted the greater part of the night.

Next morning he was in the grocery department before any of the clerks had had time to take off their coats and put on their half-sleeves.

"Mr. Nickerson," he said, "Mr. Bernstein told me to come to you this morning, and he said you'd set me to work."

Nickerson was a large, rather stout man, and what the clerks called easy-going. But his fifty years had not by any means blunted the keen edge of his shrewdness in looking after things.

"That's correct, sir, if your name's Brocketts," he said, answering the last half of Brocketts' statement and looking at the boy inquiringly.

"My name's Brocketts, sir."

"Very well, then, Mr. Brocketts, this is what you're to do: In the forenoon you're to help Dudley Brown arrange the orders for the delivery men and run such errands for anyone in this department as may be necessary. Then in the afternoon there'll be more orders to look after for the next morning. Besides, it'll be your work to sweep and dust. Always do that, though, when there's nobody here."

"Yes, sir."

"O Dudley!" Mr. Nickerson called. And when that young man came up, he said, "Here's a new hand for us. He'll take part of your work and help you with part of the rest. His name's Brocketts."

"Yes, I know him," Dudley explained. We'll get along all right.

"Very well, Dudley, you show him what to do and how to do it. I'll deliver him over to you."

"All right, Mr. Nickerson, I'll take care of him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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## A Moneylogue

(Selected)

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NINE HUNDRED "PER"

Heigh-ho! I give it up—I'm stumped! It won't work out, that's clear—  
No man can keep a fam'ly on nine hundred bucks a year!  
We've tried to skimp on this and that—we've called the bitter sweet;  
But somehow when I figure up the ends will not quite meet.  
If Minnie gets the dress she needs, on rent day—sure as sin!—  
We're short that much; and if we pay—well, where do clothes come in?  
We're not extravagant at all; there's no place I can see  
Where we could cut expenses down and keep on being "we."

It isn't much, our deficit; but, though I try and try  
To scheme and plan and manage things, I just can't quite get by;  
Now, if I had twelve hundred, say, instead of nine, you bet  
We'd have enough for everything, without a care or fret!

## ONE YEAR LATER

Heigh-ho! There's no use arguing or asking "Why?" No, sir!  
A man can't live—he simply can't—on just twelve hundred "per."  
We watch expenses, goodness knows, just like the fabled cat;  
And everything that saves a cent—well, we are strong for that;  
But grocery bills, and ice and coal, and butter, milk and cream,  
Make what you're earning fade away like any empty dream.  
Of course we've moved now to a flat; and, though it does cost more,  
We had to have another room—we couldn't live in four!  
And yet—and yet, when I get out my bills and books at night  
And figure up, I find, alas! that things won't come out right;  
There is no item I can trim—but, say! if I just had  
An even eighteen hundred "per" I'd change my name to Glad!

## TWO YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! I thought 'twould be enough; but now it's hard to see  
How eighteen hundred dollars ever looked so big to me!  
I wouldn't mind it now and then; but, actually, I'm bored  
To death with facing every day that specter, "Can't Afford."  
We try to live within our means; but there are things, you know,  
That one can't do without at all! Say, now and then a show—  
The opera, occasionally; the mountains or the shore  
When summer comes; and, by the way, we've had to move once more  
An eight-room flat—bought brand-new things. I'd like it fine—but, say  
On eighteen hundred dollars "per" it's all a rainy day!  
I've tried to figure some way out. I can't. But, oh, if I  
Had twenty-five each year for mine—well, then we would get by!

## THREE YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! It's getting worse! Heigh-ho! Why, twenty-five a year  
Is just a trifle nowadays, when everything's so dear!  
We just can't get along at all without a maid and cook;  
We really need a butler, but we haven't time to look;  
We need another motor car—the chauffeur tells me so;  
We need a trip abroad this year, and really ought to go.  
Now, when you cut things down like this to bare necessities,  
How can you cut them any more? Come, answer, if you please!  
But if I had five thousand—ah! there'd be some class to that—  
Like Peace and Plenty on the bags and Certainty at bat!  
Who's knocking? What? A con-con-constable! For me, you say?  
Well, come on in—sure! Take it out—it's no good anyway!"

GUERNSEY VAN RIFER.

# Little Problems of Married Life

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BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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## *IX.—Providing for the Future.*

There is one problem that dominates the home, an obtrusive, pervasive problem that oftentimes fills the whole horizon of life, one that, like Banquo's ghost, "will not down;" it is the ever-present question of home financing. When we have mastered the "to have," the problem of the "to hold" confronts us. It is the question of providing for the home, which can never be properly answered until we realize that "provide" is a verb we must learn to conjugate in two tenses—present and future.

There is in our American life, too often, a blind optimism in living up to an income, in assuming that because the sun of prosperity shines warmly today there is no need of providing umbrellas for a possibly rainy tomorrow. Those who wisely live *within an income rarely have to face the problem of trying to live without one*. There are two simple guarantees against future poverty and dependence on others, two great safe-guards for home and family—a bank-book and an insurance policy. They represent the material defense of the home, a bulwark of love's forethought standing strong and firm in the hour of need.

Providing for those nearest and dearest to us is no special virtue for which we should receive a gold medal and a halo. It should not be construed as just a duty; it is greater and bigger and sweeter than duty—it is a privilege that is ours alone. Financial independence can be secured by most men only by hard, careful saving. It means preparing in times of peace for the hour when fate may wage war against us, being ready for any sudden storm of sorrow, trial, affliction, accident or adversity, and holding poverty for a time at bay in trying hours when the individual is unable to stand bravely between his loved ones and the world.



Saving means wise economy, careful planning, thoughtful management and prudent forethought in handling the home funds, be they large or small. If met in the proper spirit, it brings husband and wife into closer harmony, more loving co-operation and deeper recognition of mutual helpfulness. The wife, too, then becomes a money earner, but it is the sweet atmosphere of her home, where she belongs; she is practically earning money by her wise economy and her wise saving. The savings bank is the best and most practical way of keeping together small amounts of money, for it is safe, conservative, pays interest and is available when it becomes necessary to call on this reserve.

Systematic thrift will accomplish more than spurts and spasms of saving. If the members of the home finance committee decide that they can afford to set aside monthly or weekly a regular stated sum from the family income, it should be reserved religiously. This surplus should be considered as not really belonging to them at the time but merely as part of a little fortune they are preparing to come into at a later date. Saving does not imply penuriousness in the home life, but just wise watchfulness against the tyranny of the unnecessary, guarding against the little leakage in home expenses, and pitching the key of living in proper harmony with the incoming funds.

There are times when the needs of the home are so pressing and the income so small that it requires most careful straining merely to keep the ship afloat and saving seems impossible, but even here the true spirit of saving may serve to keep at the lowest possible point the creeping invasion of debt that must somehow be paid later. Debt becomes a hard mortgage to be paid off when times brighten, a heavy, clogging burden easier to put on than to cast off.

The savings bank is an excellent reserve in hours of sudden need, but when the bread-winner of the home is called forever from his defense of the family, an insurance policy often proves of inspiring helpfulness in the dark hour of loneliness and need. The very best wedding-gift that a young husband can make his bride is an insurance policy. It carries with it a conviction of starting out right, it is a guarantee that living or dead his protection still will be the constant atmosphere of her life. The wedding-ring may bear its consecrating inscription, "Yours while life

lasts," but the policy tells of love not ended with life, of love that spreads over her the wings of guardianship even from beyond the grave. It is vital that the insurance question should by all means be solved as early as possible in married life.

No amount of money spent on little luxuries for the wife, no unbroken record for Saturday boxes of candy, no loyal observance of birthdays and other red-letter days on the calendar of love, no acts of thoughtfulness, nor graceful attentions nor easy-going liberality in household expenses, can ever compensate for the treason to love implied in forsaking the duty of insurance. The husband's square, inevitable duty is to insure his life if he can possibly meet his premiums. The amount of his policy should be as large as he can afford, with due recognition of his resources and his other responsibilities. Many men who carry a twenty-five thousand-dollar fire-insurance policy on their store or factory have only a three-thousand or five-thousand-dollar policy on their life.

Insurance should not be unthinkingly put in the luxuries class. It should ever be faced as one of the stern, inevitable necessities of life that have an irritating way of rising superior to argument, like rent, food, fuel, taxes, light, clothing and other unsuppressible and omnipresent elements of home living. Men whose hearts are in the right place on the insurance issue, bothered in the day-by-day battle with the seemingly immediate problems, often through mere thoughtlessness defer their manifest duty. Mere intentions to insure, no matter how good and generous, amount to nothing unless translated into actual deeds. It is not the seed we meant to sow in life, but the seed we have sown that brings the harvest. Grocers, butchers and other tradesmen will not accept his intentions as collateral when dealing with his heirs.

Wives are often afflicted with a strange hesitancy, an over-sensitive delicacy, in broaching the subject of insurance to their unspeaking husbands. They fear that the suggestion might be misinterpreted, that they might be deemed mercenary or some other wildly improbable thing; so in a really cowardly way, that throws into eclipse their own rights and their duty to their children, they suffer in silence what they feel is a slight of love's consideration. Their simplest expression on the subject might have acted as an alarm clock on the sleeping conscience of the husband, awakened him to his duty and stirred him to instant action. The

result of this would have been greater peace of mind to all concerned, and a hardly noticeable increase of present expenditure.

For the future protection of the family, for a given sum of money, insurance will yield greater returns than a savings bank which it so admirably supplements. Two or three annual deposits in a bank mean at the death of the depositor merely the return of his capital with interest; a single payment in insurance, shortly followed by the decease of the insured, gives prompt payment of the full amount of the policy at the time of greatest need. The regular date at which premiums must be paid acts as a wonderful impelling incentive to thrift, which the bank, with no such leverage, cannot inspire.

Until the questions of saving and insurance, the two great provisions for the future of the family, are fully met in the home, one of the great problems of married life remains unsolved.

["Pulling Together Through a Crisis" is the title of the next article in this series.]

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### **"Joseph Smith's Teachings"**

*Joseph Smith's Teachings* is the title of a new book just issued from the press of the *Deseret News*. The contents are a classified arrangement of the doctrinal sermons and writings of the great latter-day prophet, Joseph Smith. These are carefully arranged in alphabetical order, being selected, compiled and classified by Edwin F. Parry from the authorized *History of the Church*, and are a very valuable collection of sentiments from the religious and doctrinal sermons and writings of the prophet. One hundred and sixty subjects are indexed, touching many of the doctrines and beliefs of the Latter-day Saints. These selections are in a large measure devoted to amplifying and expounding the Holy Scriptures, thus being largely supplementary to the contents of the standard works of the Church. The book will prove to be of great service and very handy not only to the general reader but to every student of Church history and gospel doctrine. Price 75c, Deseret News Book Store and Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store.

# How to Conduct a Class Recitation

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BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, PH. B., AND P. JOSEPH JENSEN, A. B.

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[A new book just out of press is "How to Teach Religion," by John Henry Evans, A. B., instructor in English at the Latter-day Saints' High School, and P. Joseph Jensen, A. B., head of the department of education at the same institution. The book is dedicated to all teachers of religion, and to parents who are anxious to give their children systematic instruction in the home, and who feel themselves lacking in a knowledge to do this. It aims in a clear, simple, non-technical, and yet scientific way to present the principles of education, and show how these may be made use of in the teaching of religion in classes and in the home. The work grew out of a general demand for a book of the kind from teachers of Religion classes, Priesthood quorums, Improvement organizations, Sunday Schools and Primary associations. "How to Teach Religion" goes far towards supplying this demand. The book is suitable also for individual teachers and for use in the ward preparation meetings, and stake unions. There are seventeen sections, including one for parents. The book will prove very helpful to teachers who desire to prepare themselves for more effective work in every class and organization of the Church. We are permitted to present to ERA readers one section of the book, and have chosen the topic, "How to Conduct a Class Recitation," which will give the reader some idea of the character of the work.—EDITORS.]

In nearly all that we have said thus far on the principles of education, the thing we have had in mind all along as our objective point was the class recitation. The class recitation, therefore, is very important and should be conducted in the light of the best knowledge the teacher can get, not only the subject to be taught but also, and especially, of the way in which the mind learns.

To make this thought clearer, we have but to call to mind some of those principles we have considered.

One of them was how to make a new idea clear. We learned that, in a word, to make a new idea plain to the class, it is necessary to connect it somehow with the ideas they already have in mind. Now, this principle is useful mainly in preparing the minds of the class for what we are about to give. It is directly useful, that is to say, in the class recitation.



Another of those principles was that there are individual differences in the members of our class and that we must employ various appeals accordingly. This is of use in the recitation.

Again, we were told how to get attention in the class. We have no particular use for this information till we come to conduct a recitation. This is true also of interest and the other educational principles discussed.

We repeat, therefore, that the class recitation is the place where we need to apply whatever principles we have been studying.

As a matter of fact, however, all teachers apply one or more of them in their classes, even though they may not have studied any of these principles. Common sense and experience lead them to do many things in their teaching which books on teaching tell them they should do. Besides, some persons are born teachers and have successful recitations, often without knowing that they are doing their work in harmony, for the most part, with the principles of teaching.

Still, a knowledge of these fundamental principles always makes teaching more effective. It gives a confidence and a sureness that can come in no other way. And then, too, even the best teachers make errors, which a knowledge of the principles of teaching may correct.

In general there may be one or more of three purposes of a recitation. Sometimes we wish to test the class in what they have studied, with a view to seeing whether they understand clearly the matter covered. Or, secondly, we may wish to introduce a new idea. Or, in the third place we may wish to get the class to reflect on the subject of the lesson. Clearly, the third purpose is of the most importance in teaching religion, even where the class may have carefully prepared the lesson.

The recitation, in the main, should follow the plan worked out by the teacher in the preparation of the lesson. But it should not be followed so rigidly as not to admit of change in any respect where a change would seem obviously necessary. If, for instance, we have miscalculated the experience of our class, then we should not hesitate to change the plan to suit the situation as we find it. Every change, however, is a change for the worse—if the lesson has been thoughtfully planned—unless there is a good rea-

son for it. Teachers should not allow a mere impulse or whim to alter their plans.

The instructor is now ready for the various steps of the recitation.

The first one is the preparation of the minds of the class for what is to be developed in the recitation. Every recitation really begins with a problem. This problem is the aim of the lesson, stated, however, in the form of a question. Here, as already stated, is the place where what we said about how to make a new idea plain is of special use. Always there is an idea to make clear. Always, too, something in the class should go out to meet the idea which the teacher is to give. This opening question will serve to start thought in them on the subject of the lesson. If it has done so, their minds will have been prepared for the subject. They are ready to receive it.

Secondly, comes the probable solution of the problem stated by the teacher in the opening question. That is to say, in reply to his question, will come answers from the class. Some of them will be correct, some incorrect, but whatever they are they constitute an attempt at a proper solution of the problem to be solved.

In the third step, the teacher endeavors to get light on the problem from the lesson for the day. Having started the minds of his pupils lessonward, he may now say in effect, Let us see whether our lesson will help us to arrive at a conclusion on this matter. Here, therefore, he gets from the class or gives to them such material as he or they may have prepared. If the lesson be a story, he has an instance where So-and-So solved this problem for himself, and his other incidents will give other situations in other lives. Sometimes one of these may be an instance of contrast, where someone has failed to solve the problem.

Next comes the inference, by the class, of the general truth to be got from the lesson. This, all along, has been in the instructor's mind as the goal pointed out in the aim. But the class must nevertheless think it out for themselves. They will be more interested in doing so, and, besides, it will be a means of helping them to reason and do things for themselves. Now, if the teacher should have a passage of scripture or a stanza from one of the poets which exactly and beautifully expresses that truth, it may fittingly be given here and learned by the class as a memory gem.

All this done, the instructor is ready for the application. Every recitation, as stated already more than once, has conduct as its objective point. Merely to get an idea has little value: practice of ideas is what we want. And so we should here endeavor to get the class to do something by way of carrying out the idea they have just learned. In what way, then, can this general truth be applied in the lives of the class? How can they be inspired to do something? What are the sins or virtues in our ward that call for the application of it? All these questions can best be answered by the teacher and the class together.

As in the section on the teacher's preparation of the lesson, we go to the practice of Christ, the Great Teacher, for an illustration, and this time from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew (verses 21-35)

The lesson is on forgiveness. Peter has come to Christ with a question, "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?" Peter presently gives the probable answer, "until seven times?" All this has started thought. Then Jesus gives the true answer—discusses the lesson, so to speak,—in which He relates a parable about the debt owing the king and a smaller debt owing the servant of the king by a third person. The influence from the incident is obvious: We ought to forgive our brother as often as he repents and asks forgiveness. Here, as in the other, the application is left to the hearers.

Elder Charles H. Gates, writing from Holdenville, Oklahoma, states that the four elders laboring in and around that place are having good success in making friends for the cause of the Lord. The prospects are good for the advancement of the work of the Lord among the people in that district, and the elders are determined to make 1912 a banner year. The elders are: Wallace Hurd, Cardston, Alberta, Canada; Vaughan Taylor, Fairview, Wyoming. Front: Charles H. Gates, Escalante, Utah; Archie E. Bee, Bloomington, Idaho.



# From Nauvoo to Salt Lake in the Van of the Pioneers

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## The Original Diary of Erastus Snow

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EDITED BY HIS SON, MORONI SNOW

### XV

In our last, Erastus Snow, in company with others of the pioneers, was just on the point of commencing the journey back to Winter Quarters where they had left their families. The journal continues.

I will now commence the history of our homeward journey, and shall be very brief. Many, both of the soldiers and pioneers who were organized in our return camp, had entirely exhausted their provisions, while scarcely anyone had more than twenty-five or thirty pounds of bread stuffs, and no meat at all, in camp, except a beef that was killed and distributed the morning we left. When this was about gone, we drew our rations from another ox which the hand of Providence seemed to throw in our way, it being one that was lost by Captain Brown's company on the outward trip.

Sunday, August 29, 1847. While feeding our teams near Redding's Cove, seventy-five miles from the Valley, Elder E. T. Benson and company arrived with the mail from the long-expected company of emigrants. He reported about five hundred sixty teams on the road, divided into nine companies, the rear of which, when our express met them, were only forty miles west of Fort John. An express was started forthwith to the Valley with the mail, and Brother Benson went with us. We arrived at Fort Bridger Tuesday evening, August 31. Here another ox lost by Brown's company made its appearance, and replenished our stock of meat. We crossed Green River, September 3rd, and met the first company of our brethren on Big Sandy, and camped with them. That evening we held a meeting with



them, and early the next morning sent an express to Little Sandy and detained Elder P. P. Pratt and his company on that stream where we tarried with them until the 5th, then down to the Pacific Springs, the first water west of the pass. Here we found three companies, namely: Captains G. B. Wallace, A. O. Smoot and C. C. Rich. We tarried here with the Saints one day and two nights.

September 7. We crossed the pass amidst a tremendous snow storm which lasted from 8 o'clock a.m. to 3 o'clock p.m. At the first crossing of the Sweetwater, we found two companies composing Edward Hunter's hundred, in which Elder John Taylor was traveling. This company at 4 o'clock p.m., on the 7th of September, 1847, cleared away the snow and set a table sufficient to accommodate the whole pioneer company, at which we partook with joy and gladness, President Brigham Young at the head of the table and the Twelve by his side; and I know not that I have sat at a table better supplied with the luxuries of life, in all my travels, for many years, than was this table set at the South Pass at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. They gave the fragments to the pioneers who were destitute, and also killed a buffalo and divided among them. We had a joyful time with these companies and left them on the 8th, and sent messages before us to Captain Joseph B. Noble and Willard Snow with their respective companies that composed Captain J. M. Grant's hundred. We camped with them on a creek, in the midst of the Sweetwater hills, one day and two nights. These were the last of the emigrant companies, and we found them all in prosperous circumstances, health, peace, joy and hilarity in their midst. The only deaths upon the journey out of all the companies were one woman and three or four children, but they had suffered considerably from the loss of horses and cattle, some by the Indians, and more by sickness. At one time, on the Platte, Captain Willard Snow's company lost forty odd head of cattle which took fright in the night and broke out of the corral; breaking to pieces a wagon, they rushed by the guard and ran off with the buffalo, and though the owners pursued them and hunted a week they found but four or five head. The first night we stayed with them on the Sweetwater hills, forty-nine horses and mules were stolen, about half from the (returning) pioneers and the balance

from the other two companies. Some of the horses taken were loose and others tied outside the corral. The joy of meeting our friends made us careless about securing our animals, and our guards were remiss in their duty, and we paid dear for it, for the animals that were taken were about the best in camp.

Next morning the trails of the horses were found leading in different directions but were followed until all came together on the main road down the Sweetwater. About twenty horsemen pursued them some thirty or forty miles, until the trail separated in different directions, and they finally returned finding only five of the horses that had been left by the way.

September 10. We harnessed our loose and infirm animals, and the other companies did the same, and then manned our wagons and separated each on his course, but we were so crippled by the loss of our best animals that we were obliged to move slowly. The second night after this, ten Indians visited our camp and stole a white horse belonging to J. R. Grant who neglected to tie him up. The guard heard them and fired but they escaped with the horse.

On the 16th we reached the Platte. Before this, we began to find buffalo and other game in plenty to supply us with all the meat we wanted. On our journey over the Black Hills, we were carefully watched by a band of the Sioux, and before we were aware that they were in the country, we were surprised by them. On the evening of the 20th, we camped on Big Timber Creek, late in the evening, where there was much timber and shrubbery and precisely the right kind of a place to be surprised. Next morning, while we were gathering our horses, and while but few of the men besides the guard had reached them, about two hundred Sioux emerged suddenly from the brush, and rushing their horses at the top of their speed, and raising a war-whoop and yell, and firing a few guns, they effected their object in setting our horses all frantic and scattering them in all directions, and the fiercest young warriors with the smartest steeds pursued our horses in different directions. In the meantime, the men rushed from camp with their guns, and as many as could get hold of horses were immediately in hot pursuit, and by firing a few guns and showing signs of fight, we checked the movements of the Indians and succeeded in getting our horses all back, except

eleven horses and mules that were rushed off up the creek at the outset toward their camp in the mountains. As soon as the main body of the Indians were opposite our camp, seeing the general rush to arms and fearing the consequences of exposing themselves to our long rifles, the chief called a halt, rallied together all that he could make hear him, and hollowed, "Good Sioux, good Sioux," and wanted to shake hands and be friends. We had three Frenchmen with us who had accompanied us from Fort Bridger, one of whom could talk with them. Through him President Young inquired the cause of their conduct. The reply of the chief was that they had discovered our smoke early in the morning and supposed us to be Snakes with whom they had had a battle on the same ground ten days previous. It was not until some of their unruly young men had driven off our horses that they had discovered their mistake. He further stated that our horses should be returned again. The reader can believe as much of this apology as he pleases. I heard it with much distrust. However, a company of our men accompanied them to their camp and obtained nine out of the eleven animals, the other two being superior ones, could not be found. They had been secreted, without doubt. Our men also recognized about twenty-five out of the forty-four of our animals taken on the Sweetwater in their camp but could not get them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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### Granite Stake Musical Contest

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On the 28th, 29th, and 30th of March, the fourth annual M. I. A. Musical Contest of the Granite Stake was held in the stake house. More than forty selections were given. Contests were held in vocal and instrumental solos, quartets, ladies' and male choruses and two large mixed choruses, one of thirty-five voices, the other of forty-five. Suitable trophies were given the winning choruses and G. S. M. I. C. gold medals were awarded the soloists who took first place. Several hundred people attended, and though the number of entries did not exceed those of former years, the quality of the work done was in most cases the best ever witnessed in that stake. A marked increase of interest in good music is observable on account of the contest. The affair was in charge of the stake M. I. A. Music Committee, and the musical adjudication was handled by Messrs. A. H. Peabody, C. F. Stayner and Thomas Giles.

## Editor's Table

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### The "Titanic" Disaster

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When the wireless announced on Monday morning, April 15, that the *Titanic* of the White Star Line, the largest and most luxurious ship in the world, had collided with an iceberg that early morning off the Banks of Newfoundland, and was sinking, the news of the terrible disaster shocked all the civilized world. The ship was bound from Southampton for New York, and carried approximately 1486 passengers with a crew of 860.

The Cunard liner, *Carpathia*, some sixty miles away, was summoned by a wireless message of distress, and came to the scene of the catastrophe as soon as possible, and succeeded in saving some 535 of the shipwrecked passengers and 210 of the crew who had left the sinking ship in the woefully insufficient number of life boats provided.

The survivors arrived in New York on the night of April 18. The heroism of the men, both crew and passengers, who faced calmly inevitable death while they aided the women and children into the life-boats, not only reflects the admirable discipline on board the stricken vessel but is an undeniable evidence that the chivalry of the race still burns brightly in the hearts of men. Among the passengers were many world-famous American financiers and business men, as well as noted men of England—among them John Jacob Astor, Benj. Guggenheim, Isadore Strauss, William T. Stead, Henry B. Harris, John B. Thayer, George B. Widener of Philadelphia, Charles W. Hayes, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, Major Archibald Butt, Frank D. Millet, the artist, and many others—who went bravely to their death, taking their chances for life without a murmur with their poorest and most unnoted companions in distress.

It is stated that Mr. Charles W. Hayes, President of the Grand Trunk Railway, the evening before the catastrophe, remarked to Colonel Gracie of the United States Army, "The White Star, the Cunard and the Hamburg-American lines are devoting their attention and ingenuity in vieing with the other to



attain supremacy in luxurious ships and in making speed records. The time will come when this will be capped by some appalling disaster." A few hours later Mr. Hayes was dead, in the disaster which he had prophesied. One cannot think of the awful calamity without deep regrets that so many lives should be sacrificed for the sake of speed. To make time was doubtless the reason that the vessel had taken the northern and dangerous course at this time of year, and also for the seemingly criminal carelessness in running the great ship at great speed into an ice field of the presence of which the officers had full and frequent warning and were therefore clearly aware. Every chance was taken for the sake of speed.

Doubtless many practical lessons will be learned from the sacrifice of souls in this terrible disaster. The first and most prominent among them is the need of passenger ships being compelled to keep south out of the range of icebergs at such seasons of the year as there is danger of icebergs, and being among them they must be compelled to steam very cautiously; and then properly equipped life-boats and life-saving appliances should be provided in sufficient numbers to more nearly accommodate all the passengers, while the ship's search-lights should be stronger and more carefully applied.

One belief, so generally entertained, that modern ships are unsinkable likewise has been disproved. Here was the largest, the latest, the best, which proved itself helpless against fatal accident and immediate destruction. It had been equipped with every known device for safety, and yet became a ready prey to the dangers of the sea.

With the whole civilized world we extend our sympathy to the bereaved of both nations, and to those who have been succored but who are saved at the sacrifice of companions and loved ones dearer than all to them. May the Spirit of the living God give them comfort and consolation.

Spiritually, the catastrophe teaches us that the boasts which one sometimes hears from certain sea captains and unbelieving passengers, expressed in a recent sacrilegious statement of a captain to one of the elders of our Church, "You need not give a damn for God in this kind of a ship,"—are vain, unwarranted and unreasonable. It teaches with a force that should stir the

rankest unbeliever that mankind is still dependent upon Him “who stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people,—the God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea.”

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

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### To Subscribers of the Era

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As Business Manager of the ERA, I wish to thank one and all of its subscribers for their loyal support. Some of you have been subscribers from the time the first number was issued, and I am certain that all of you are loyally attached to our magazine, and rejoice in the good it has been able to accomplish. Not only have many of you been loyal subscribers to the ERA from the first, but you have gone out of your way to do much missionary work in trying to induce others to enjoy the contents of the magazine, even as you have enjoyed them.

The ERA gives pleasure and profit to every faithful member of the Church who reads it; and it has a tendency to inspire every reader with a desire to have his friends share the same pleasure, and partake of the spirit of the gospel breathed from every page—a spirit and feeling akin to that enjoyed by Alma after his conversion.

The ERA commenced business with not a single dollar of capital, but with the pledge of loyal support from the young men. I remember the occasion in the old Thirteenth ward meetinghouse when this pledge of support was first made, and I rejoice that “our boys” have “made good.” I rejoice that the General Superintendency and Board made no mistake in accepting the pledge given on that occasion, but began the publication of our magazine which has been a financial success from the start—besides being a power for good at home and abroad. Its pages are always crowded with good things—not a single issue which has not had some articles of great value to faithful members of the Church, as well as to investigators and to all lovers of good reading.

The mission of the ERA is also to encourage those having a desire, and ability, to write. We are receiving many interesting

contributions from leaders in education, industry, social life, missionaries and others, who take pleasure in exercising this talent. All should be made to feel that we are trying to develop home literature of real worth, and we invite every earnest and worthy effort to write, in whatever department of literature fancy may direct. Contributions of our old, as well as from new, writers, will be appreciated by the ERA, and those who respond will find that a splendid field is open to them in which to do good, to exercise their talent, and to qualify and improve themselves as writers.

From the beginning the ERA has done especially valuable service in supplying free copies to the missionaries. This was done partially by our magazine for volumes one and two, and we were aided by generous friends in response to an appeal, signed by the Editor and Manager, asking for means to pay for what the ERA was not then able entirely to do. I shall ever remember with deep gratitude the general and prompt response to this appeal by which we received the needed \$1,600 for volume one to do this work. In fact, we received more than was necessary for the first year. This surplus amount was invested at interest, and the second year we needed only something over \$500, which came to hand upon a second appeal. Only very little was needed for this purpose for volume three, since which time the ERA has been successful enough, without appeals for additional funds, to supply all the elders on missions with the magazine free of charge.

The cost of sending these magazines to the missionaries in the past years in actual cash would figure to exceed \$25,000, and at the selling price, a very much larger amount. All of our subscribers must feel a justifiable pride in the fact that they have been doing their full share in the accomplishment of this great work by subscribing for the magazine, while at the same time receiving the full value in reading matter for themselves. The magazine has been a powerful instrument for good in the hands of the missionaries, not only in preaching the gospel truths, but in providing openings for the elders themselves to deliver their message to people to whom otherwise, perhaps, they would not have gained access. By this means every subscriber to the ERA is doing good missionary work.

The Lord stated in a revelation to the Prophet Joseph and Oliver Cowdery:

“And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring, save it be one soul unto me, how great will be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father?”—Doc. & Cov. 18:15.

Every subscriber to the ERA has done something in this line.

I have no doubt whatever but that many souls have been brought to a knowledge of the gospel in a large measure through the instrumentality of the ERA, because its contents have always been of a missionary character.

It might interest our readers to know that the General Superintendency and all the members of the General Board have taken a deep interest in its success, and one and all are especially interested in wishing to see the sphere of the magazine enlarged. The shareholders, too, are all on a par—no large ones and no small ones. Every subscriber has an equal interest with every other subscriber. All the profits go to advance the cause and to the betterment of our magazine. We call attention to the fact that within the last year or two sixteen additional pages have been added to each number, and also that at a great cost the magazine has been richly illustrated which has added greatly to its interest. The ERA has no excuse for living only as it shall be able to go as an instrument to preach, sustain and uphold the truths of the Gospel of the Master as revealed to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith. It has been true to this calling.

Many libraries in this country and others are being supplied with the ERA, and we hope to supply hundreds and finally thousands of libraries in this and other lands with the magazine. Nothing but an increased subscription will aid us in this and to enlarge it and better its literary merit.

We thank you all for what you have done in the past and earnestly appeal to you to continue to aid the good work so that we may make additional strides in advance for the cause of truth. We need more subscribers to meet the demands for improvement.

We appeal to you to interest your friends who are not reading the ERA, and to do so at once. The second part of volume fifteen begins with this number, and we shall be pleased to receive subscribers either for the whole volume, beginning with last November, or for the six months ending with the next October



number. The whole volume costs \$2, with senior or junior manual free, or \$1 for the next six numbers.

It is the duty of the Y. M. M. I. A. officers to do the work of canvassing, for it is their magazine, and we ask the Priesthood authorities to aid and sustain them, since it is their advocate, too. I now appeal to you, dear reader, to say a good word to or to call on your neighbors with the Mutual workers who are out trying to increase our subscription list. If every one of our subscribers would resolve that he would get at least one other subscriber, the task would be an easy one, and the good that would come to the new readers of the ERA, and the betterment of the magazine on account of enlarged patronage, could scarcely be estimated.

Will you do your share? I have signed many hundreds of letters soliciting subscribers—one year as high as 8,000. This on my part has been a labor of love. It would not be necessary for me to do this, and my time could be occupied in something else for the good of the cause, if all our subscribers would do a little, say secure one subscriber each. From my heart I thank every one who shall act upon this appeal.

HEBER J. GRANT.

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### Messages from the Missions

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Elder R. S. Dalley, writing from Ironton, Missouri, March 4, states that the people in southeast Missouri are becoming more friendly to "Mormonism." They find churches open to elders in towns where heretofore the people have absolutely refused them admission. The efforts extended in times past are bearing fruit in the hearts of the people, and realizing this fact, the present laborers are putting forth their greatest efforts in the promulgation of the gospel. The elders are, reading from left to right: R. S. Dalley, Driggs, Idaho; Homer Taylor, Richfield, Utah; James B. Thomas, Logan, and W. Charles Garner, Roy, Utah.



N. K. Leavitt, president of the Oklahoma conference, McAlester, writes that that district is prospering, considering the vast field and

the limited number of elders—fifteen. The weather has been very cold



and stormy, during the winter months, so most of them have been in the larger cities and have there met with good success. "The state is in a better condition now to receive the elders and their message than ever before. The Lord is showing mercy to many honest souls by granting them the power of repentance. The old prejudice

is dying away, and particularly among the younger people who are nothing like as biased as their parents." Elders: M. J. Richardson, Francis, Utah; N. K. Leavitt, Bunkerville, Nev.; Grant A. Black, Kirtland, N. M.; H. D. Bassett, Lovell, Wyo.

Missionaries of the Denver conference are, top row, left to right: Aaron Densley, J. F. Christensen, Charles Hogge; middle row: W. F. Brower, Charles A. Brunson, Lynn R. Fairbanks, Orson P. Christen-



sen, Fred L. England; bottom row: Lorin Peck (mission secretary), Dagmar Mollerup, Cora Hansen, John L. Herrick (mission president), Mrs. John L. Herrick, Ethel M. Call, and Wilford W. Hymas (conference president).

A grand concert was given Saturday, February 13, 1912, by the North London choir of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, at Deseret, High Road, South Tottenham, London, Leo M. Coombs, director. Stevens' and Gounod's compositions were prevalent. A choir of over fifty members gave selections, calling forth abundant applause from a house of over four hundred persons, the "Soldiers' Chorus," in Faust, and the "Song of the Redeemed," being the most prominent. Miss Winnifred Beresford, Leo M. Coombs,

Madam Bertha Blankhurst, E. G. Chamberlain, R. A. Moss, Miss Lois Smith, Miss Annie Williamson, James B. Walkley, Roy Bridgman, J. S. McCann, Henry L. Jensen, and Everard L. McMurrin, all took part in special exercises with the choir. An invitation was given to all to attend the regular meetings of the Saints to investigate "Mormonism," and to hear it first-hand from those who are most able to give authoritative answers to questions concerning this much-misrepresented people. A vast amount of good will doubtless result from such entertainments.

Elder Carl E. Nielsen, writing from Copenhagen, Denmark, March 7, says: "This picture represents six elders laboring in Denmark, all of whom are from Sanpete stake, and of which fact we are very proud, not only because the Lord has given us homes in the beautiful Sanpete valley, but because our stake is interested in proclaiming the gospel of truth among the people of a nation from which so many of the early settlers of Utah have come. The elders enjoy their labors and are satisfied in their work.



We are anxious to let the brethren and sisters in Utah and elsewhere know that South Sanpete is doing what it can to promulgate the gospel." Left to right, back row: James A. Christensen, Carl E. Nielsen; front, sitting: Henry Christiansen, Aaron P. Christiansen, Wm. Henry Petersen, Andrew C. Anderson.

President Ray S. Kent, of the Rhode Island Conference, reorganized by President Ben E. Rich, March 1, 1909, says that baptisms for the first two years were only five in number. These were converted by the labor of an average of thirteen elders, working two years. To convert these people, the cost reaches nearly \$9,000, in actual expenditure, not to mention the loss of the elders' wages, which would amount to another \$9,000. But we cannot reckon God's work in dollars and cents. The spiritual uplift, the thousands of comforting testimonies, and the gospel seeds planted in good ground, are to be considered of first value. During 1911, an effective work was carried on by Presidents John T. Barrett, Joseph Richardson, Ray S. Kent, and eleven elders working in the conference. They distributed 169 Books of Mormon, 3,090 small books, 51,335 tracts; visited 25,387 families; spent

4,050 hours in tracting; held 250 meetings; blessed three children; and baptized fifteen people. President Ben E. Rich, on a recent visit there, held two spirited public meetings, at which many strangers were present, and heard the gospel for the first time. "One gentleman, who had visited our meetings only once before, told me that he had prayed for this doctrine for twelve years, and thanked God that he had at last heard it. We have a nice branch of fifteen Saints in New Haven, most of them new in the field, and all trying to do their part. Our Providence branch is prospering." The names of the elders and lady missionaries are: First row, left to right: Ambrose B. Kessler



and wife, Beaver City; Mission President Ben E. Rich; Conference President Ray S. Kent and wife, Lewiston, Utah. Second row: Louis E. Langie, Pawtucket (local elder); Albert E. Sargent, Providence, R. I., (local elder); Heber C. Tippetts, Lovell, Wyoming; John H. Bridge, Magrath, Canada; Richard L. Pilling, Cardston, Canada; George W. Sellers, Manassa, Colorado; Thomas E. Moore, Pawtucket, R. I., (local elder). Back row: Edward H. Kemp, Lewiston, Utah; Guy C. Fullmer, Blackfoot, Idaho; Adelbert H. Henderson, Clifton, Idaho; Edwin N. Allred, Afton, Wyoming.



## Priesthood Quorums' Table

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**Address to the Priesthood:**—The following suggestions on priesthood were read at the general priesthood meeting at the late annual conference of the Church:

RESPONSIBILITY OF ORDINATIONS TO THE PRIESTHOOD. If deference is merited by the honor conferred upon men by man, what can we not say that honor merits which is conferred upon men by the Lord? Such an honor is the priesthood. "It is nothing more nor less than the power of God delegated to man, by which man can act on the earth for the salvation of the human family in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost, and act legitimately"—(Pres. Joseph F. Smith). Now, there is a noticeable lack on the part of bishoprics and other presiding authorities in the Church in impressing upon those who are considered worthy to receive it, the sacredness of an ordination to the priesthood. Young boys, for example, are given the Aaronic priesthood without a realization of the responsibility that goes with it. Every deacon should be instructed that an ordination to the priesthood carries with it a requirement of better habits and actions, particularly in regard to language, smoking cigarettes, non-attendance at meeting and so on. At the organizing of a deacons' quorum in one of our new wards recently, several boys and young men accepted the invitation to come forward after the dismissal of the meeting. They varied in ages from 12 to 23. Seven of these had been ordained deacons in other wards. When it was discovered that three were users of tobacco, the eldest was asked how long he had been a smoker. He replied:

"About ten years."

"Did you use tobacco when you were ordained a deacon?"

"Yes, sir," was his reply.

"Did your bishop know you used it?"

"I don't know."

"Did he not question you about it?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't he say anything about your abstaining from the use of tobacco and strong drink?"

"No, sir; I do not remember of his saying anything. Our names were read in the meeting and we were told to go to deacons' meeting and be ordained."

Thus it was learned that through carelessness or neglect that bishop had lost an excellent opportunity to impress upon this young man the dignity and requirements of the holy Aaronic priesthood.

REGARDING THE HISTORY OF PRIESTHOOD. Instructions should be given in regard not only to personal habits, but to the history of this

priesthood among men. Explanation should be made that it is called Aaronic priesthood because it was conferred upon Aaron and his seed forever (Doc. and Cov. 107:13); also how the Lord chose the tribe of Levi, from the children of Israel, to be given to Aaron, and to his sons, to minister in the outward ordinances of the Lord's house (Num. 3:5). No one should be ordained before he is told about the restoration of the Priesthood to Joseph Smith by John the Baptist. The account of this heavenly messenger's visit to the youthful prophet and Oliver Cowdery, on the 15th of May, 1829, will not only interest the boys but impress upon them the great truth that "No man taketh this honor to himself but he that is called of God as was Aaron."

**DUTIES AND POWERS.** Then should follow instructions in regard to the duties and powers of this lesser priesthood, showing that "It holds the keys of the ministering of angels," and gives power "to administer in the outward ordinances, the letter of the gospel—the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins, agreeable to the covenants and commandments."

**THE ORDINATION.** The ordination itself should be made impressive also, as is clearly indicated in the account given in the Book of Mormon as follows:

"After they had prayed unto the Father in the name of Christ, they laid their hands upon them, and said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ I ordain you to be a Priest (or, if he be a teacher, 'I ordain you to be a teacher'), to preach repentance and remission of sins through Jesus Christ, by the endurance of faith on his name to the end. Amen.' And after this manner did they ordain priests and teachers, according to the gifts and callings of God unto men; and they ordained them by the power of the Holy Ghost which was in them." (Moroni 3:2-4.)

Much of the indifference on the part of the young men who now hold the office of deacon, teacher or priest, can be traced back to the neglect on the part of (1st) parents and (2nd) of presiding brethren in properly instructing them in regard to the duty of divine service required of them.

It is suggested, therefore, that before young men are given the priesthood they be instructed (1) in regard to their personal habits and actions.

(2) In regard to the history of the Aaronic priesthood.

(3) In regard to the restoration of the priesthood in this dispensation.

(4) In regard to the duties and powers that follow the true exercise of this divine commission.

In short, that men who hold the Priesthood should be the very choicest men on earth, and that they consecrate their lives to works of righteousness. So will the children of men be led to honor the representatives of God on earth as they are now pleased to respect the representatives of the established governments among men.

**TEACHERS' AND PRIESTS' QUORUMS.** One of the most difficult prob-

lems the priesthood committee has before it is how to obtain successful quorums of teachers and priests. The counsel has been given the bishops of the Church, to ordain boys deacons, unless there are good reasons for disregarding the rule, at about the age of twelve, teachers at about fifteen, priests at about eighteen, and elders at about twenty-one.

Between the ages of 14 and 20 the boy is changing into a man. He does not understand himself and he is rarely understood by others. That the problem is the same difficult one confronting the Young Men's Association and the Sunday School is the best of reasons why the Priesthood should find a solution.

The deacons of the Church are generally in fair condition, though there are, astonishing as it may seem, fourteen bishops who have not a single deacon in their wards. Usually, however, it is not hard to start and maintain a deacons' quorum of some kind. That order is extremely hard to keep, and that the teaching is throughout the Church very difficult and, very poor, is acknowledged. However this may be, the fact remains that, generally speaking, boys at about the age of twelve are ordained deacons.

But when the time comes for the boys to be promoted, for many reasons the logical order of things is changed. One trouble is with the boys themselves. Sometimes their indifference makes the bishops reluctant to advance them. Left without ordination they soon outgrow their fellow deacons and naturally will not associate with them. It is sometimes the fault of the ward authorities. It is still the custom in some places to leave the deacons until they are called on missions, or desire to get married, or for some other reason need to be ordained elders, and then bestow on them the Melchizedek priesthood. Such inexcusable neglect, however, we are glad to say, is disappearing rapidly. There are practically as many youths between the ages of fifteen and eighteen as between twelve and fifteen. The fact that there are only 9,300 teachers as compared with 20,255 deacons is an alarming situation.

We believe that the main cause is deeper and more widespread than the neglect of the bishops or the real indifference of the boys. It is in our system itself. The local authorities generally fail to grasp the dignity and importance of the calling of the teacher and priest, and the boys cannot help but feel, as far as quorum work is concerned, that the organization has broken down and that they are being held on a kind of waiting list until they are old enough to be ordained elders.

The Lord has urged the necessity of these offices; yet, in sixty-seven wards there is not a single ordained teacher; and in seventy-one there is not a priest. In slightly over one-third of the wards only, is there over half a quorum of teachers, and in only fifty wards is there one-half of a priests' quorum or more. For some reasons that certainly are not sufficient, we have failed in most cases to live up to the Lord's plan.

To the youth from fifteen to twenty years of age organization appeals more strongly than at any other period of his life. In this age his heroes are generally military men. And yet at this age our priesthood organization is weakest. What we need is such concentrated attention on this matter that every boy will feel that his ordination to a teacher brings him into as much stronger and more active a quorum as twenty-four is greater than twelve and the office of teacher larger than that of deacon.

Every bishop, no doubt, feels a general interest in the welfare of the Church, but he feels a particular interest and responsibility in the welfare of his ward. In much the same way he feels a general interest in the priesthood of his ward, but he should feel a particular interest in those holding the office of priest, for he is the president of this quorum, and is responsible for it. His relation to it is identical to that of the president of the deacons' quorum to his body of twelve deacons. In practice we have generally forgotten that the bishop has a quorum. Where there are priests' classes he often gives them only general attention.

The Lord's plan seems a very beautiful one. Under it the little boys, innocent and enthusiastic, enter the holy order of the priesthood in groups of twelve, a unit allowing close companionship, as is natural with the boy. As puberty begins to come, and he feels the mysterious awakening within, a larger field of activity opens before him. He is now becoming a man, a man's work is put upon him and he is allowed to labor in the companionship of men. During this time he feels himself under the watchful eyes of the bishop and his counselors. They should be jealously guarding him through this work, preparatory to his becoming a priest. If he falls away and loses interest now, they will have lost him, possibly forever, for this is a critical time indeed. But if they can keep him active and interested and thus prepare him to enter their own quorum, the ship of his soul will have passed safely through its first great storm, possibly the very greatest of its voyage.

As the youth is ordained to the office of priest, he should feel himself in a different atmosphere. How greatly his powers have been enlarged! He has now the authority to baptize for the remission of sins, to bless the emblems of the body of Jesus, and for the first time he is given that wonderful creative power, the privilege of transmitting to others the authority of the Lord which he holds. His presiding officer is not now one of his own number merely; it is the bishop of the ward himself. Where in the world could be found choicer leaders of young men than the bishops of the Church? They should draw from their band of forty-eight priests the loyalty of a guard of honor. They should make this to the young men of the ward the most instructive period of their lives, a period of close companionship and warm sympathy that will last as long as they live. What quorum presidents in all the body of the Church are so well fitted to establish the gospel in the hearts of young men at an age when skepticism begins to attack



them as are the bishops? For the sake of such leadership it would be better rather to hold the young men back than to hurry them on to ordination in the Melchizedek priesthood.

**RESPONSIBILITY OF QUORUM PRESIDENTS.** What is said in regard to the responsibility of the bishop as president of the priests' quorums is equally applicable to other presidencies.

There are today in the Church 62 quorums of high priests, 164 quorums of seventy, 302 quorums of elders, (there should be) 49 quorums of priests, 274 quorums of teachers, and 1,142 quorums of deacons, comprising a membership of over 80,000.

Over each of these quorums men are specially chosen and set apart to preside, whose duty it is to sit in council with them and to teach them their duties according to the covenants. If in an army of 200,000 and over, every man's duty can be assigned and his daily actions known, as was the case in Napoleon's army, Grant's and others; surely in the war against evil and unrighteousness every man in this army of priesthood divinely organized, may also be taught his daily responsibility to himself and his fellowmen. Officers are too prone to leave this instruction to stake presidents and bishoprics, when in reality the Lord explicitly states that it is the duty of the respective quorum presidencies to instruct their members. Such officers are among those set in the Church "for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ; that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness—whereby they lie in wait to deceive."

In this "work of the ministry," then, let quorum officers be more active. If there be a man in your organization who, for instance, is violating the word of wisdom, teach him according to the covenants.

If there be one "tossed to and fro," by the so-called "Higher Criticism," or by a mistaken conception of the theory of evolution, teach him the gospel to the convincing of his vacillating mind that to be a true follower of Jesus Christ is to be in harmony with all truth.

Teach tithing to the non-tithepayers, respect of the authorities to the fault-finder; industry to the idler; temperance to the intemperate, etc. But let the quorums do much of this as quorums and not leave all such teachings to the bishops and stake authorities.

In this way the high priests, seventies, and elders will be qualified for the service required of them, as directors of the young in Mutual Improvement work, in the Sunday School and Religion Class, and particularly as class instructors in Priesthood meetings.

**CLASS INSTRUCTORS.** In this connection, it is urged that any member of a class or quorum should be readily excused from attendance at his particular class recitation whenever the bishop requires his ser-

vices as a teacher in another department; for that quorum has attained the highest record whose members are all serving either as missionaries, presiding officers or instructors. If this idea be kept in mind, bishops will have less difficulty in securing efficient help. Quorum books should indicate just what service each member is rendering the Church. As a means of qualifying to be a successful class instructor, "How to Teach Religion," will be found helpful.

FELLOWSHIP. If, then, all members of a quorum be employed as teachers in other quorums, how, it may be asked, can we foster the spirit of brotherhood? We answer, by daily ministry among the members. The fraternal spirit and true brotherly love develop and flourish best in an atmosphere of kind deeds, such as:

- (1) Quorum members teaching one another as suggested above.
- (2) Rendering each other help and comfort in time of misfortune or sickness.
- (3) Expressions of sympathy and love from the quorum when a member is in bereavement.
- (4) Sending letters and means to missionaries.
- (5) Administering to the needs and comfort of missionaries' families.

In these and many other ways try to make each of your members say:

"I think, am sure, a brother's love exceeds all the world's loves in its unworldliness."

True brotherhood in quorums demands common interests, mutual service, and lofty purposes. Indeed the bond of priesthood alone should be sufficient, for

"Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn."

SUMMARY. In conclusion, then, brethren, let the interests of the priesthood be fostered by teaching the importance and sacredness of an ordination to the priesthood, and by so doing make higher the character of membership, and lessen the spirit of indifference now manifest.

Let special attention be given to the organization, duties, and privileges of teachers' and priests' quorums, so that during the year every ward in the Church may be profited by the services of this army of young men now left, in too many instances, undisciplined, untrained.

May the 3,000 presiding officers in quorums be more diligent in the work of the ministry among their own members, and by a hundred deeds of kindness, thought out and acted upon each week, foster the spirit of true fellowship—the brotherhood of Christ.

Signed { DAVID O. MCKAY,  
DAVID A. SMITH,  
JOSEPH J. CANNON. } Committee.

In behalf of the General Priesthood Committee.

# Mutual Work

## Annual M. I. A. Convention Program

The annual convention of the M. I. A. will be held in Salt Lake City, June 7, 8, and 9, 1912, beginning at 10 o'clock, Friday morning, with a meeting in the Assembly Hall, at which there will be singing by the Granite Stake Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. After the opening remarks twenty minutes each will be occupied by two stakes, Granite and Cache for the Y. M. M. I. A., and twenty minutes each, Parowan and Salt Lake, for the Y. L. M. I. A. in telling four stories. There will be an oration by a young man of Alpine Stake, occupying fifteen minutes, subject, "Brigham Young as a Pioneer," also an oration on "The Three Pioneer Women of Utah," by a young lady of Wasatch.

In the afternoon separate officers' meetings will be held. At the Young Men's meeting a five-minute talk each from a representative from Union, Box Elder, Duchesne and Kanab, will be given, setting forth briefly the article in the current volume of the ERA in which they were most interested. (2) The Reading Course. Each stake should furnish to the general secretary in writing the following facts: a. Number in the stake who have read one or more of the prescribed books for 1911-12. b. Which book has been most popular? c. A representative from each of the following stakes will give a five-minute talk on how they have handled the reading course in their stakes—Yellowstone, Weber and Sevier. (3) The Manual—"The Manual—Its Place in Mutual Improvement Work"—Dr. George H. Brimhall. (4) The Fund—Its use and disbursements—Moroni Snow. How to collect the fund, from each of the following stakes: Alberta, Millard, Summit and Beaver. Questions and discussions after each topic. (5) Annual report and roll call. Music by the Y. M. M. I. A. of Salt Lake Stake.

On Friday evening a reception will be held for the stake officers in the Deseret Gymnasium, at 8 p.m.

On Saturday morning at 10 a.m., at Barratt Hall, "The Essentials of Good Debating" will be treated by Dr. John A. Widdsoe. (2) Athletics and Field Sports (a) Some Problems in Athletics, by Lyman R. Martineau; (b) What to Play and How to Play It—Eugene L. Roberts. (3) Music and Drama. Music in the Associations—Practical Demonstrations, Oscar A. Kirkham.

Saturday afternoon will be devoted to athletics and field sports, folk-dancing and exhibitions of scout work at Wandamere.

On Sunday morning a conjoint meeting will be held at the Tabernacle, at which will be presented (1) a suggestive preliminary program under the direction of the general board. (2) A talk on Language by Elder Junius F. Wells. The balance of the time will be occupied by members of the general boards. Extra musical numbers will be furnished by the musical directors.

At 2 p.m., in the Tabernacle, the Tabernacle choir will furnish

the singing. There will be three ten-minute talks as follows: Spiritual Development, Primary Association, Edith Hunter; Intellectual Development, by the Y. L. M. I. A.; and Social Development, Y. M. M. I. A., B. S. Hinckley. The remainder of the time after the presentation of the officers, will be occupied by President Joseph F. Smith.

In the evening, at 7:30, in the Tabernacle, a conjoint meeting will be held, at which three twenty-minute addresses will be given as follows: "The Place of the Y. M. M. I. A. in the Church, by Elder Heber J. Grant; The Place of the Y. L. M. I. A. in the Church, by one of the ladies, and The Relation of the Primary Association to the M. I. A., Ann Nebeker. There will be music between the addresses, furnished by the musical directors of the M. I. A. and Primary Associations. Rates have been secured over the railroads.

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### **Second Annual Athletic Meet and Field Day**

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The second annual Y. M. M. I. A. Field Day and Inter-Stake Athletic Meet will be held at Wandamere, commencing at 2 p.m., Saturday, June 8, 1912. Superintendents are requested to take this matter in hand at once, and secure as many entries from their stake in the contests of the meet as possible.

The events for Seniors (18 years and over) will be: 100 yard run, 220 yard run, 440 yard run, 880 yard run, 1 mile run, 120 yard hurdles, 220 yard hurdles, running high jump, running broad jump, shot put, pole vault and stake relay race. Please note that the hammer throw is not included in these events. Field events and track events will be conducted simultaneously; that is, the running high jump and the twelve-pound shot-put will be started at the same time as the track events. The relay race will be one-half mile, and teams will be composed of four men, each man running 220 yards.

The Junior events for boys under 18 will be: 50 yard run, 100 yard run, high jump and relay race. The relay race is to be 440 yards, the teams to be composed of four boys, each running 110 yards. The field day is open to any bona fide amateur who is a member of Mutual Improvement Association in good standing, and who has a record of fifty per cent in attendance at Mutual meetings for the last season, except in cases where applicant may be reasonably excused. The application for entry must be endorsed by the president of the ward Mutual and the superintendent of the stake. An entry fee of one dollar will be charged for each event, as a guaranty of interest, but said entry fee will be returned to the contestant after he takes part in the field day. Medals will be awarded for first places, and blue and red ribbons for second and third places respectively.

We have mailed the superintendents entry blanks which must be returned with fees not later than May 30th.

We recommend that stake meets be held where practicable as early as possible, so that contestants for our big field day may be se-



lected by the respective stakes. Every stake will please report at once whether they will or will not be represented at the meet on June 8th.

With best wishes, your brethren, Lyman R. Martineau, Hyrum M. Smith, B. F. Grant, John H. Taylor, Oscar A. Kirkham, B. S. Hinckley, Committee on Athletics.

### **The Tokyo-American Baseball Team**

Writing from Tokyo, Japan, Jan. 26, 1912, Elbert D. Thomas, president of the Japanese Mission, says:

"Perhaps the enclosed pictures will be of interest to the ERA readers, as they show a phase of missionary experience that is a little out of the ordinary. The pictures are of some of our missionaries who are now or who have labored in Tokyo, and who are also members of an organization called 'The Tokyo-American Baseball Team.' This association has a membership of about thirty, all Americans, and was organized for the purpose of giving to its members a chance to obtain some out-door exercise. The team tries to play a game every Saturday afternoon, and never meets for practice or games except on that one day, during the spring and fall seasons. Its opponents are generally Japanese student or club teams, but its biggest rival is the Yokohama-American Team. Games are also played with sailors of the American navy, when the ships of the Asiatic squadron are visiting Yokohama.

"The picture of Rev. Lloyd and Grant Ivins was taken on the Waseda University grounds just before a game with a team from that school. It will be remembered that it was a Waseda University team that was in America last year, and which defeated a team from the Utah State University, at Salt Lake City, last spring.

"The Tokyo American-Waseda game, the day this picture was taken, resulted in a tie—5 to 5.

"Waseda is one of the world's big schools; it has in all its departments nearly 10,000 students registered.



REV. E. C. LLOYD (right), missionary-teacher of the American Episcopal Church, pitcher; captain for 1911.  
H. GRANT IVINS (left), of Salt Lake City, catcher; elected captain for 1912.

"The Japanese are ideal sports, and are skilful, and, win or lose, it is a pleasure to play with them.

"During the last spring and fall the Tokyo-American Team played eighteen games, winning nine, losing eight, and tying one.

"The team is an 'All-American Team,' not because of its skilful players, but because its members come from all over the United States. To illustrate this, the following schools have been represented in the line-up: University of Chicago, Oberlin, William and Mary, Berea, Michigan, Cornell, Bellevue, West Point, Hope College, University of Toronto, Utah Agricultural College, Brigham Young University of Provo, Latter-day Saints' University, and the University of Utah.

"The team is also interesting from another standpoint. For instance, in a late line-up, there were a Baptist, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Quaker, a Methodist, and a "Mormon" missionary; a United States army officer, an attache of the American embassy, a secretary of the American embassy, and an American electrical engineer. All are the best of fellows.

"Lester Chipman of American Fork, whose picture is not here, also played once on the team while he was in Tokyo for conference.

"All are well in Japan."



JAY C. JENSEN

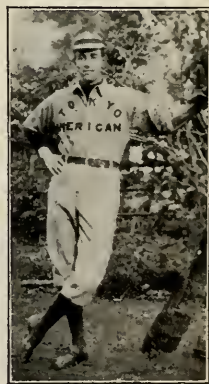
Heber City, Utah, outfielder and first base. When he played on the team he was mission secretary. He is now presiding in the Osaka field.



JAMES A. MILLER  
Murray, Utah. First  
Base and Outfielder.



ELBERT D. THOMAS  
Salt Lake City,  
Infielder.



ROBERT H. BARTON  
Kaysville, Utah  
Pitcher.

## Passing Events

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**The Situation in Mexico** did not improve during the month of April, the whole of Chihuahua apparently being in revolt. The president of the United States modified the prohibition of the shipment of arms and ammunition into Mexico, providing that President Madero may buy war supplies in the United States. This has had a quieting effect to some extent upon the insurrection.

**Harvey W. Wiley**, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture since 1883, resigned on March 15, believing he could do more effective service in private life. His resignation caused widespread comment and much criticism of the head of the agricultural department, as it is generally taken as a blow against the pure food propaganda. Other criticism was directed against Secretary Wilson, owing to the Everglades scandal in Florida.

**The Great Coal Mine Strike in England** came to an end on April 3, the British House of Commons having passed a bill, March 26, which provides for the creation of a minimum rate of pay for miners in each district after the manner of the Australasian Labor Arbitration Boards. The strike will be remembered as a remarkable exhibition of the power of the common laborers, in union, to stop the wheels of industry; and, shall we not say, to seal the fate of nations—to decide peace or war?

**Emma Smith Woodruff**, widow of the late President Wilford Woodruff, died at her home in Salt Lake City, March 4, 1912. Mrs. Woodruff was the daughter of Thomas Smith and wife Marticia Smoot Smith, of Tennessee, who joined the Church in 1833. She was born in Adam-ondi-Ahman, now Springhill, Missouri, in 1837. Her father died on the journey to Utah in the spring of 1850. She was the mother of eight children, and an active worker in the Church. While President Woodruff was alive she accompanied him to Mexico, British Columbia, and a number of the United States. At the time of her death she was the president of the Relief Society of the Granite stake.

**The Summer School of the State of Utah Agricultural College** will make a feature of gymnasium work. The Thomas Smart Gymnasium will be opened for instruction June 10, for the first time, when the Summer school begins. Professor Teetzel will be held at the College during the summer to assist the teachers in organizing regular school games. The necessity of this work in the lower grades is being felt more and more, as we study child nature. More educational "play" and less indoor grind for the very young is the ideal. Swimming classes will be organized for both men and women, who will receive

instruction in various gymnasium methods used in the most advanced institutions of the country. Negotiations are now under way with some of the most prominent educators of the country to be in attendance at the Summer school, for special lecture work to the teachers of the state assembled in Logan.

**Dr. Sun Yat-sen**, formerly provincial president of China, and whose secret and persistent efforts to give liberty to his people, has amazed the nations, announces that after the completion of the Chinese political revolution, which he considers practically ended, he will commence the greatest social revolution in the world's history among the Chinese. Among the principal reforms which he says will be instituted, in the near future, are the single tax, and government control of railroads, mines and similar industries. He claims to have the full approval and consent of the government. It would not surprise the student of conditions in that country if China would do more radical things than ex-President Roosevelt has ever dared to propose, and some authorities have expressed the idea that it would be no surprise if the people, in a mass, were asked to accept Christianity. The statement that the single tax will be instituted is remarkable, and it is not at all unlikely that China will become a disciple of Henry George. The son of Henry George is a member of Congress, and is acquainted with Dr. Sun, who was very much interested in his father's theory of taxation, while attending college in the United States. The single tax theory advocates the taxing of land, and land only.

**Hiram B. Clawson**, first manager of the Salt Lake Theater, first superintendent of Z. C. M. I., and a famous and well-known pioneer of Utah, died on the 29th of March, 1912, at his home in Salt Lake City. He was born November 7, 1826, in Utica, New York. He came to Utah with the pioneers of 1848, the family having first removed to Nauvoo, in 1841. Hiram B. Clawson won the heart of Brigham Young by his ability and brightness. He had charge of the first building work done in Salt Lake Valley by the Church. He took an active part in every public activity for many years, including Indian wars, mercantile progress and material and spiritual interests of the state. He occupied many important positions in connection with the people, and is the father of one of the largest and most successful families in the state. President Smith stated at his funeral, March 31: "I think it would be difficult to find another man who could be more successful in rearing one of the largest families extant in the world, or who has ever been more successful in that exalted position and capacity than has Bishop Hiram B. Clawson." Elder Rudger Clawson, president of the European mission, and Bishop Thomas A. Clawson of the Eighteenth ward, are members of that family. Bishop Clawson was for many years the presiding authority of the Twelfth ward of Salt Lake City.



**"The Holy Land."** In this new 400-page book just issued from the press of the Deseret News, the author, Mrs. Lydia D. Alder, expresses her passionate love for the land of the Savior, and tells of her dreams and desires to "walk where He walked; gaze on the scenes He looked upon; pray on the Mount of Olives; weep in Gethsemane; stand in awe on Mount Calvary, and see the place where the Lord lay; follow the way of the resurrected Saints into the Holy City; and on Olives, nigh unto Bethany, look up into heaven where He, the clouds hanging low, ascended unto the Father." Her book is an exposition in part of what she saw and learned on the journey in which her life-long dreams were delightfully fulfilled. She takes the reader on a pleasant descriptive and historical trip through many of the most interesting places of the Holy Land, Syria and Egypt. Not only are the ancient scenes and associations vividly brought to mind, considered, and dwelt upon, in fifty-five chapters, but modern affairs and conditions are discussed in such chapters as "The Shops of Jerusalem," "What American Education is Doing in Syria," "Recent Events in Jerusalem," "The New Palestine, Its Farms and Farm Implements," "A Sail on the Jordan, and on Galilee," and "Baalbek of Today." The spirit of the book brings the reader to a more personal appreciation of the life of our Savior and a knowledge of the scenes and incidents of his earthly career, and the whole story of his life becomes to the reader a closer reality. The text is illuminated with thirty-nine beautiful illustrations, and is printed in large, clear type. Eleven original poems are given, including: "The Two Mothers," "Jerusalem by Moonlight," "The Glory of Bethlehem," "Moonlight on Galilee," and "The Sphinx." Price \$1.25.



MRS LYDIA D. ALDER  
Author of "The Holy Land."

**New Wards and Changes** for March, 1912, as reported by the Presiding Bishop's office:

Wards. Metropolis ward, North Weber stake, with Wilford A. Hyde as bishop and Anson V. Call, Jr., as ward clerk. McGill ward, North Weber stake, with Parley Liddle as bishop, and Frank E. Blair

as ward clerk. Mt. Green ward, Morgan stake, with Joseph A. Parrish as bishop and Oscar Rollins as ward clerk.

New President. James W. Lesueur, of Maricopa stake, to succeed John T. Lesueur.

Bishops. Albert A. Capson, East Mill Creek ward, Granite stake, to succeed John Neff. John E. Pettit, Coalville ward, to succeed William Z. Terry, in Summit stake. Christian Hermansen, Jr., Preston ward, North Weber stake, to succeed Hyrum S. Arnoldsen. James Rasmussen, Jr., Gunnison ward, South Sanpete stake, to succeed Fred N. Swalberg, acting. William W. Williams, Samaria ward, to succeed D. E. Price, in Malad stake. George E. Toone, Star Line ward, Alberta stake, to succeed George W. Pack. Albert V. Whitear, Peterson ward, Morgan stake, to succeed Joseph A. Parris. John Balfour, Brighton ward, Pioneer stake, to succeed Frederick W. Schoenfeld. John A. Lee, Lebanon ward, St. Joseph stake, to succeed Thomas Alger. Oscar W. Green, Menan ward, Rigby stake, to succeed Franklin W. Green.

**Facts Concerning the Potato Growing Competition.** The prize cup is donated by the National Copper Bank. The name of the winner, his address, variety of potatoes raised, and number of bushels to the acre, will be engraved each year on the silver plate which is placed upon the base of the cup. His name and picture will be published in the papers and the cup, bearing the inscription above mentioned, will be shown at the various fairs and land shows. If the same boy wins the cup three times in succession, it will become his permanent property, and the bank will furnish a new cup for competition. Each year a cash prize of \$100 will be given to the winner in addition to the honor of winning the cup. There will be no second or third prizes, but some form of recognition will be arranged for those who come close to first place. The competition is under the directorship of Louis F. Boyle, lecturer for the Intermountain Industrial Association. The unit which each boy was required to cultivate was at first set at one acre. Later it was changed to one-half acre, at the request of the Extension Division of the Agricultural College, which at the same time raised its unit from one-fourth to one-half acre. This Division is organizing potato clubs in various parts of the state, and desired that the members of these clubs might be eligible for the cup and prize. The time-limit for filing entries has been extended to April 30, in response to requests from several parts of the state where slow mails or the late spring were making it difficult to return the entries promptly. The first boy to enter was Horace Tanner, Jr., of Murray. The youngest boy so far entered is Alfred T. Lund, of Paragoonah, Utah. He will not be ten years old until July 7. Up to date 200 entries have been filed. The judging will be done by three experts from different parts of the state, not yet selected. The entries will be marked by number only. No one except one of the officers of the bank will know who sent them in.

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51 K—An excellent close fine weave, bleached; suitable for summer wear. Per pair, postpaid ..... **\$1.00**

59 M—Made of mercerized cotton, bleached; very desirable for warm weather. Per pair.....**\$1.42**  
Postage 14c extra per pair.

52 B—Medium light weight for spring and summer, bleached. Per pair .....**92¢**  
Postage 16c extra per pair.

54 B—Unbleached, light weight, balbriggan weave; an excellent garment. Per pair.....**\$1.00**  
Postage 12c extra per pair.

57—Medium light weight, unbleached, very serviceable. Per pair .....**95¢**  
Postage 19c extra per pair.

901—A well made, durable garment, medium heavy weave, unbleached. Per pair .....**\$1.20**  
Postage 20c extra per pair.

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Postage 20c extra per pair.

111—Heavy cotton weave, tuck stitch, unbleached, fleeced. Per pair .....**\$1.00**  
Postage 20c extra per pair.

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NATIONAL COPPER BANK POTATO TROPHY

**To the Public:** John Bradley is not connected with the IMPROVEMENT ERA in any way, nor has he ever had any authority to make financial transactions for the magazine. Moroni Snow, Assistant Manager.

**"The ERA Contains** many points useful in our work. We wish you success."—William T. James, Boise, Idaho.

**"I consider the ERA** is doing untold good in the mission field as well as at home. I wish you every success."—George W. Lewis, Mesa, Ariz.

**Every Bishopric** in the Church will be interested in the report of the General Committee on Priesthood found in this number. A part of an evening occupied in reading it to the Priesthood will be time well spent.

**"The Voice of the Intangible"** is the title of a new serial story secured by the ERA, and written by Albert R. Lyman. It treats of the mysterious Pagahrit county in Southern Utah. It holds the interest and attention on every page. There are cowboys, the call of the genuine wild, Indians good and bad, mountain trails, round-ups, wild animals, outlaws, box canyons, the silences and voices of the desert, a boy's love of his horse and dog—and the Voice of the Intangible, with His whisperings and communications. A young boy, age fourteen, begins this wild ranch life with his father, and grows up in these surroundings. The whole serial is the development of the story of his life. There is a clean, inspirational and faith-promoting spirit penetrating the narrative, and the description is true to the Wild West, soon to vanish. We consider it one of the best home stories yet written. It will begin in an early number of the ERA.

# Improvement Era, May, 1912

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